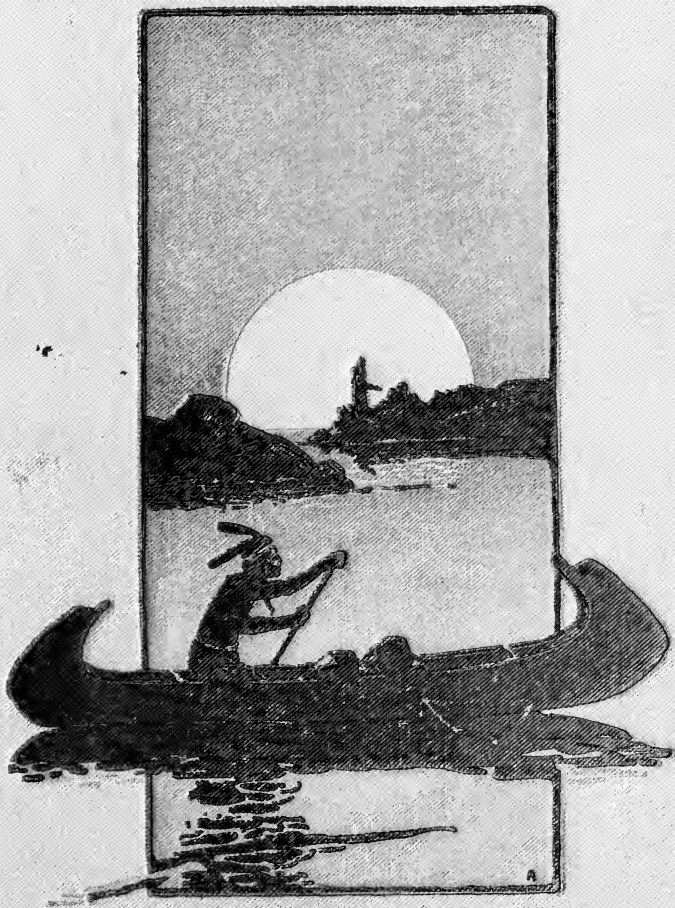
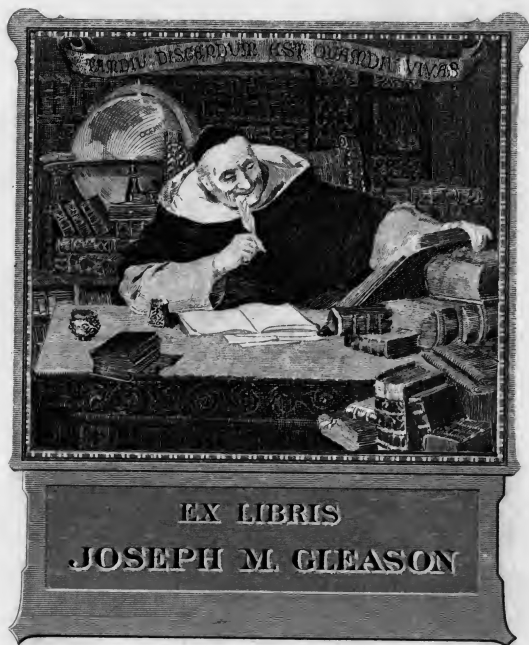


INDIAN LEGENDS AND OTHER POEMS BUCHANAN



SOUVENIR EDITION
OF THE
LEWIS AND CLARK
PAIR



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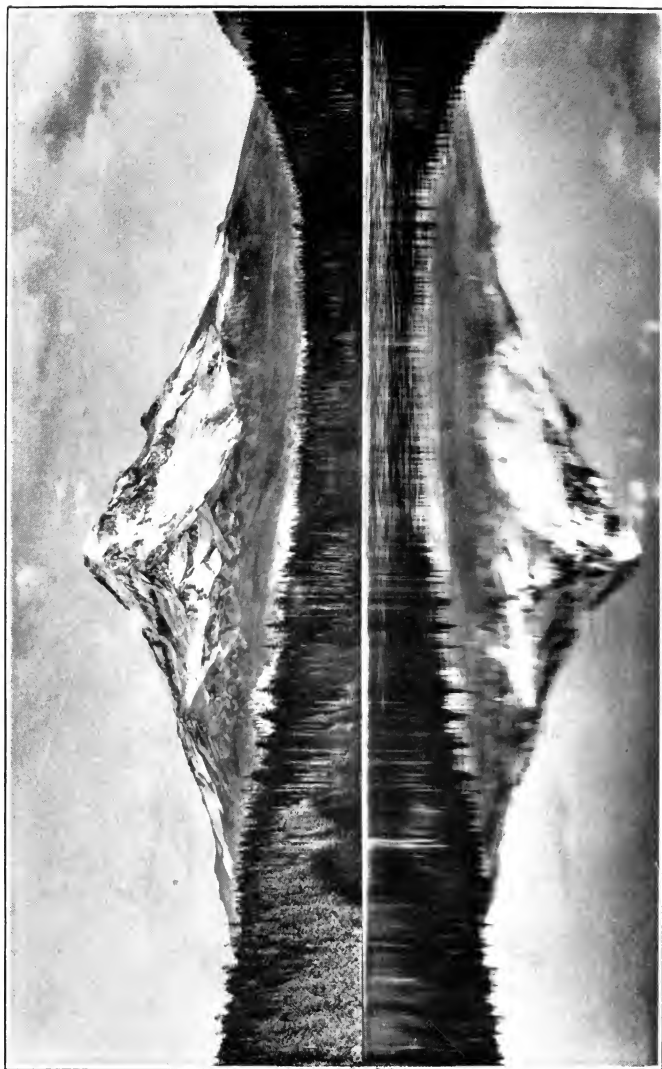
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Mt. Hood, from Lost Lake
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Indian Legends and Other Poems

BY JOHN A. BUCHANAN

SOUVENIR EDITION
of the
LEWIS AND CLARK FAIR



The Whitaker & Ray Company

(INCORPORATED)

PUBLISHERS

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1905

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Copyright 1905
by
John A. Buchanan

DEDICATION

This Little Volume is Respectfully Dedicated to

THE PIONEERS

THE men and women, true and brave,
Who forward pressed, the land to save,
Where flows Columbia's crystal wave
 Adown the changing years ;
The loyal hearts, who dared oppose
The cruel darts of savage foes,
And every danger that arose,—
 The sturdy pioneers.

The men and women, tried and true,
Who came a wild land to subdue,
And builded better than they knew,
 In sorrow and in tears ;
Who over plains and valleys pressed,
O'er mountain's wild and rugged crest,
To found an Empire in the West,—
 The noble pioneers.

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CONTENTS

	<i>Page</i>
LEWIS AND CLARKE	9
SACAJAWEA	11
MULTNOMAH	13
THE LEGEND OF LAKE JOSEPH	17
PILLAR ROCK	21
THE LEGEND OF WAPINITSA	25
THE RESERVATION BALL	28
THE ORIGIN OF THE TRIBES	31
SIoux AND SIoux-ICIDE	35
THE ORIGIN OF THE RED MAN	36
WHY THE DOVE MOURNS	39
INDIAN LULLABY	44
THE NEZ PERCES FAREWELL ADDRESS TO GENERAL CLARK	45
HOW THE CASCADES OF THE COLUMBIA WERE FORMED	50
THE EMBRACE OF DEATH	53
THE STORY OF JONATHAN DEE.....	57
JOHN WALTON AND THE INDIANS	62
THE BURIED TREASURE	65
THE WILLAMETTE	75
TO MOUNT HOOD	77
THE SONG OF THE UMPQUA	79
THE BATTLESHIP "OREGON"	82
THE ROUGH RIDERS AT LA QUISINA	84
ROVER'S DRILL	86
THEY'RE DYING OVER THERE	87
REMEMBER THE MAINE	89
THEY REMEMBERED THE MAINE	90
STRUCK OUT	92
THE BABY	93
DEATH OF CAPTAIN CAPRON	94
THE VOLUNTEER	96
MY MOTHER	97
LIFE'S DUTIES	99

CONTENTS—Continued.

	<i>Page</i>
PLAIGNELY INSAIGNE	100
NAMING THE BABY	101
LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM	102
MY LITTLE GIRL IN THE HAMMOCK	103
THE VALUE OF FRIENDSHIP	104
WHO MAKES IT SNOW?	105
A MEMORY	106
THE SONG OF THE "NEW WOMAN'S" HUSBAND.	107
THE MOUSE AND THE HAWK	108
THE LEAF AND THE TWIG	110
THE BOOK THAT IS MARKED	112
THE HAUNTED HOUSE	113
YAMHILL AGAINST THE WORLD	115
SANTA CLAUS	116
SECRET SORROWS	117
THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS	118
THE MAN WHO WOULDN'T ADVERTISE	120
MAY	121
LEAVING THE HOMESTEAD	122
SUCCESS	124
A SUMMER DAY	125
TWILIGHT	126
THE YEAR OF LIFE	127
PRESS ONWARD	129
OCTOBER	130
PLAIN DRUNK	131
MY BABY	133
A REPLY	134
THE PATTEN OF THE RAIN	135
THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW	136
THE FOOD OF THE GODS	137
VACATION	138
WINTER AND DEATH	139
GOOD-NIGHT	140

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	FACE PAGE.
Mt. Hood, from Lost Lake.....	Frontispiece
Statue of Sacajawea.....	II
North Abutment to Bridge of the Gods, and Cascades of the Columbia.....	50
Moonlight on the Umpqua.....	79
Statue of Captain Meriwether Lewis.....	99
Statue of Captain William Clark.....	129



INDIAN LEGENDS AND OTHER POEMS

LEWIS AND CLARK

IN all the western country,
Best of a noble land,
Though many names, and famous,
On history's pages stand,
No other name shines brighter,
Nor more deserves remark,—
No name stands out more proudly,
Than names of Lewis and Clark.

They, through a land untrodden,
Save by the savage bands,—
Wild men of plains and mountains,
O'er barren, desert lands,
Pressed to the Western Ocean,
Where Nature ever smiles,
Nor halted on their journey
Of full three thousand miles.

I N D I A N L E G E N D S A N D
: : : O T H E R P O E M S : : :

They, to their chief presented
The rivers of the West,
A golden land embracing,—
The fairest and the best ;
And happy homes by thousands,
Thrive in the land they won,
And millions bless their coming
To land of the setting sun.

Ne'er shall they be forgotten ;
Honor the valiant band,
Who saved the West for the Nation,
And gave us a goodly land ;
And two shall live forever,—
Each name a shining mark ;
The famous name of Lewis,
The honored name of Clark.



STATUE OF SACAJAWEA
Portland, Oregon

SACAJAWEA

SHE, a Shoshone Indian woman,
Ever brave and ever true,
She, a lone child of the mountains,
And a captive of the Sioux,
Led the first exploring party,—
Honored Lewis, fearless Clark,
Far across the pathless desert,
And o'er mountains, cold and dark,
Through the fertile plains and valleys,
Light of heart, and spirit free,
Ever pointing to the westward,
Onward, westward to the sea.

Many weary months they journeyed,
Until hope was almost gone ;
Over steep and rugged mountains,
Still they toiled and journeyed on,
Weak and weary, worn and foot-sore,
Ere they reached the mountain's crest,
And before them spread in splendor,
Future Empire of the West ;
But through all, the Indian woman,—
Ever true and brave was she,
As she pointed to the westward,
Onward, westward to the sea.

INDIAN LEGENDS AND
: : : OTHER POEMS : : :

Day by day she marched before them,
Not a moment did she fail,
As she led the great explorers,
O'er the rugged mountain trail;
And through all the fearful journey,
'Twas her voice that urged them on,
To the mystic land, where ever
Rolls the mighty Oregon;
Till they reached the broad Pacific,
And the Land of Destiny,
Still she pointed to the westward,
Onward, westward to the sea.

Let the whole world sing her praises,
Songs of praise so long unsung;
Let her brave deeds be remembered,—
Be a theme on every tongue;
In her honor build a statue,
In the land she helped to save,
To the noble Shoshone woman,
Sleeping in an unknown grave;
Raise it in the land she honored,
In this land of liberty,
Ever pointing to the westward,
Ever westward to the sea.

INDIAN LEGENDS AND
: : : OTHER POEMS : : :

MULTNOMAH

LONG ages ago, a daughter was born,
To a Molalla chief, on a summer morn,
Near the bright Willamette river ;
The chieftain watched for a sign from above,
The Great Spirit, guarding his children in love,
For a sign what name to give her.

But ne'er a sign did the Great Spirit make,
Till one day the chieftain stood by the lake,
And his thoughts were of his daughter ;
And he saw there, floating not far from shore,
A flower of the Gods,—in Indian lore,
A wild rose, on the water.

In the wild rose, floating before the wind,
The Great Spirit spoke to his simple mind,
And he named the child Multnomah,—
Or, "Wild-rose-on-the-waters," for she
Was fairer than all the flowers of the lea,
The flower of sweetest aroma.

Multnomah developed to womanhood,
A full-blown rose, in the flowering wood,—
A famous Indian maiden ;
Till a Wapato chieftain won her love,
And took to his home his captive dove,
With gifts and presents laden.

I N D I A N L E G E N D S A N D
: : : O T H E R P O E M S : : :

A mighty chief of a Chinook band
Had been a suitor for Multnomah's hand,
 But his suit had been rejected ;
His hate was strong, as his love was brief,
And fiercely he hated the Wapato chief,
 Whom the maiden had selected.

For vengeance thirsting, he marshalled his band,
And marched into the Wapato's land,
 All bent on death and pillage ;
From land of the Molallas, side by side,
The chieftain had just returned with his bride,
 When the foe attacked his village.

The battle that followed was fierce and long,
But the Chinook warriors were brave and strong,
 And far outnumbered their foemen ;
The Wapato chieftain fell in the fight,
And his bravest warriors perished that night,
 His bravest spearmen and bowmen.

The women and children were held as slaves,
To serve in the homes of the Chinook braves,
 Where flows the Columbia river ;
No words can picture Multnomah's grief,
In the island home of the Chinook chief,
 Without a friend to deliver.

INDIAN LEGENDS AND
: : : OTHER POEMS : : :

Multnomah resolved she never would live
The life of a slave, nor ever forgive
 A chief so stony hearted ;
So she stole away from the chieftain's door,
And entered a boat on the island shore,
 And for the mainland started.

The furious chieftain following fast,
Bent to the oar, in the wintry blast,
 And direst vengeance muttered ;
When nearing the boat that the maiden bore,
She rose, and staying herself with her oar,
 These words Multnomah uttered :

"All that I loved and cherished are gone ;
Why should I care or desire to live on,
 A slave among your daughters ?
So will I go to the Spirit Land,
As I came from thence to my father's hand,—
 A wild rose on the waters."

Ringling and clear as a silver bell,
Her words on the ears of the chieftain fell,
 As mocking his fierce endeavor ;
Then lightly she sprang, and sank in the tide ;
The waters, embracing the faithful bride,
 Caressed her and kept her forever.

I N D I A N L E G E N D S A N D
: : : O T H E R P O E M S : : :

Multnomah died, but her name ever lives ;
Her story an added interest gives
 The beautiful land of roses ;
The mighty river still flows to the sea,
And ever its waves play peacefully,
 Where the faithful bride reposes.

THE LEGEND OF LAKE JOSEPH

WAILING Wind, an Indian maiden,
With a wealth of beauty laden,
Belle of Valley of Wallowa,
In the land of the Nez Perces,—
Land once owned by them, but now a
Country lost by war's reverses,—
Dwelt beside Lake Joseph's water,
Wailing Wind, a chieftain's daughter.

Wailing Wind had many lovers,
Though but two the maiden favors,—
Young Big Snake, a chieftain noted,
And Long Fish, a young physician,
To the maiden most devoted,
In his tribe a great magician;
Each his love to her confided,
But the maid was undecided.

Long had young Big Snake been waiting,
Long had been his rival hating,
But his love grew ever stronger,
For the coy and artful maiden;
He resolved to wait no longer,
For his heart with care was laden;
He would have a final answer,
From his beautiful entrancer.

I N D I A N L E G E N D S A N D
: : : O T H E R P O E M S : : :

Autumn came; the wise or daring,
Must for winter be preparing;
So in pleasant autumn weather,
 A big hunt the chiefs provided;
All the braves should hunt together,
 And the spoils should be divided;
But before the hunters started,
Big Snake, dreading, yet firm-hearted,

Quickly to the maiden speeding,
Told her how his heart was bleeding,
Told her how his heart was burning
 For her love, and for her answer;
He must know upon returning,
 If she loved the necromancer;
If she loved Big Snake, relenting,
To become his bride consenting,

On the third day she must greet him,
And across the lake must meet him;
Then returning resolutely,
 He with all the hunters started,
Wailing Wind, still standing mutely,
 Where her lover from her parted;
Neither dreaming that by magic,
Long Fish saw the meeting tragic,

I N D I A N L E G E N D S A N D
: : : O T H E R P O E M S : : :

Heard the words so lowly spoken,
And resolved they should be broken,
If the maiden, in her madness,
 Should attempt to meet his rival;
He would change their joy to sadness,
 Ere the absent chief's arrival;
Thus with jealous hatred burning,
Watched he for the chief's returning.

Wailing Wind gazed at her lover,
Till he reached the forest cover;
Of the warriors all assembled,
 None were manlier nor braver;
As she gazed, the maiden trembled,
 And her heart its answer gave her;
She would meet her absent lover,
She would be his slave forever.

All impatiently she waited
For the hour her lover stated,
Till at last she saw him standing,
 Like a statue, in the gloaming,
On the farther shore, commanding
 And awaiting there her coming;
Quickly in her boat departing,
She was o'er the waters darting.

I N D I A N L E G E N D S , A N D
: : : O T H E R P O E M S : : :

Eagerly the chieftain's daughter
Urged her boat across the water,
And when half the distance over,
 Paused a moment, upward started,
Waved a greeting to her lover ;
 Suddenly the waters parted,
And a monster grim appearing,
High above the water rearing,

Grasped the boat, with anger glaring,
In his arms the maiden bearing,
Disappeared beneath the waters ;
 Thunder pealed on Joseph Mountain,
Till the snow-capped giant totters ;
 Joseph Lake, and every fountain,
Trembled with the strange commotion,
Like the billows of the ocean.

To the 'fond, distracted lover,
Wailing Wind was lost forever ;
Now the bravest, most undaunted
 Of the Indian braves, will never
Venture on the waters haunted ;
 And upon the lake forever,
Wailing Wind, the chieftain's daughter,
Rules, the Spirit of the Water.

INDIAN LEGENDS AND
: : : OTHER POEMS : : :

PILLAR ROCK

IN the midst of the Columbia,
Tried by wave and tempest shock,
Like a gallant knight in armor,
Grand and lone, stands Pillar Rock;
And the Indians have a legend,
Handed down from days of old,
And to you I tell the story,
As to me the tale was told.

It was in the distant ages,
Many centuries ago,
Long before the grasping white man
Trode where western rivers flow;
When on shores of the Columbia,
Dwelt a sturdy, stalwart race,
Mighty warriors and fair maidens,
Large in stature, fair of face.

And the dusky Indian maidens,
With their parents, came each year,
To dig the wappatoes that grew
Beside the river clear;
And at night around the campfires,
They would sing their sweetest songs,
Of the glory of their fathers,
In the righting of their wrongs.

INDIAN LEGENDS AND
: : : OTHER POEMS : : :

Now a young, impulsive warrior,
Living on the other side,
Was enchanted with the singing,
Floating far across the tide;
And each evening he, enraptured,
Listened to the music rare,
Floating far across the waters,
On the balmy evening air.

And a firm resolve was forming
In his bosom, brave and true;
Soon was fixed his earnest purpose,
And he planned what he would do;
He would wade across the river,
O'er the river, deep and wide,
Would select the fairest maiden,
And demand her for a bride.

When was formed his resolution,
Came the fox, of power supreme,
And advised the love-lorn warrior,
Not to try to wade the stream;
For if he should wade the river,
The offense he must atone;
Ere he passed across the water,
He should surely turn to stone.

I N D I A N L E G E N D S A N D
: : : O T H E R P O E M S : : :

And besides, if he succeeded,
At that spot, from shore to shore,
People then could wade the river,
Until time should be no more ;
This discouraging announcement
Changed the earnest warrior's mind,
And he changed his resolution,
And his ardent hopes resigned.

But that night again the singing
Wafted from the other shore,
And again the sweet enchantment
Seemed to thrill his soul the more ;
And again the resolution
Formed within his dusky breast ;
He would take the chance of winning,
If he failed,—to die were best.

So next morning, bright and early,
While his comrades were asleep,
He was up and on his journey,
Through the waters, cold and deep ;
But when only part way over,
Fox appeared upon the strand,
Turned to stone the hapless warrior,
Where the Pillar Rock now stands.

I N D I A N L E G E N D S A N D
: : : O T H E R P O E M S : : :

Thus for centuries the warrior,
Fearless, amorous and bold,
Standeth guard upon the river,
Like a warrior knight of old ;
Rising high above the water,
Tried by wave and tempest shock,
As a warning to his people,
Grand and lone, stands Pillar Rock.

INDIAN LEGENDS AND
: : : OTHER POEMS : : :

THE LEGEND OF WAPINITSA

*This is the legend of Wapinitsa,—
“The frog that lived in a hole.”*

ONCE upon a time, long, long ago,
A bad Indian lived where the tamaracks
grow,
Far east of the Cascade Range;
This bad Indian found in the desert drear,
A round hole of water, sparkling and clear,
A well both surprising and strange.

A round hole of water the bad Indian found,
With green grasses fringing it all around,
And no other water was near;
No other Indian had known of the place,
The bad Indian found it while out on the chase,
His claim to the water was clear.

One day a party of warriors passed through
The desert where nothing but sage-brush grew,
And the bad Indian led them astray;
And they wandered through the desert accursed,
Till all were nearly famished from thirst,
And for water they all did pray.

I N D I A N L E G E N D S A N D
: : : O T H E R P O E M S : : :

The bad Indian then said he knew of a place,
A beautiful well he had found on the chase,
 Where the water was sweet and cool ;
And if they would give him a pony apiece,
And each with a bearskin his riches increase,
 He would lead them to the pool.

The warriors objected, but finally said
They would pay the price if to water he led,
 For it meant death to refuse ;
So he turned aside but a little way,
And led to the water ere close of day,
 And proudly demanded his dues.

The faint warriors eagerly drank their fill,
Then turned to their guide, their pledge to fulfill,
 In the twilight calm and cool ;
But naught of the guide could the warriors see,
In his place a frog croaked dismally,
 And noisily plunged in the pool.

The Great Spirit never his children forsook ;
He knew the advantage the bad Indian took,
 A course both dishonest and mean ;
So he changed the bad Indian into a frog,
Forever thereafter to live in the bog,
 And he never again was seen.

I N D I A N L E G E N D S A N D
: : : O T H E R P O E M S : : :

Though the Indians ever avoided the spot,
A lesson they learned, and never forgot
 The fate of the poor lost soul ;
And this is the legend the Warm Springs tell,
Of Wapinitsa, who found the well,
 "The frog that lived in a hole."

THE RESERVATION BALL

THE ladies gave a party,
In the new athletic hall;
A good old-fashioned shin-dig,
A famous Leap Year ball;
From all the Reservation,
The crowd each moment swells,
And these are some of the beauties,—
The Reservation belles:
Mary Old-jack-rabbit, and Angeline Bull-frog,
Susie Bear-lays-down, and Helen Comes-out-of-
fog;
Minnie Nods-at-bear, and Catherine White-sail,
Lottie Grand-mother's-knife, and Kittie Medi-
cine-tail;
Lilly Cries-for-ribs, and Alice Shoots-as-she-
goes,
Sally Beads-on-ankle, and Bessie Turkey-toes;
Elizabeth Three-wolves, and Ruth Plenty-butter-
flies,
Beatrice Big-goose, and Fannie Turtle-eyes;
Jessie Flat-head-woman, and Madeline Long-ear,
Emma Knows-her-gun, and Bertha Spotted-
deer;
And many other beauties,
Came flocking, one and all,
To dance to sweetest music,
At the Reservation ball.

INDIAN LEGENDS AND
: : : OTHER POEMS : : :

The boys they came by dozens,
All eager for the fray;
Invited guests of honor,
Each with a maiden gay;
Their uncles, aunts and cousins,
And everybody goes,
To see the Leap Year party,—
And these are some of the beaux:
John Little-standing-bear, and James No-shoes,
Christopher Spotted-horse, and Jacob Good-
news;
Solomon Plenty-scalps, and Joe Rain-in-the-face,
Clarence Buffalo-head, and Willie Wins-the-race;
Edward Medicine-pipe, and Samuel Grins-at-
bear,
Jack Man-afraid-of-his-horse, and Henry Yel-
low-hair;
Elijah Hairy-wolf, and Arnold Wrinkle-face,
Andrew Moccasin-skin, and Daniel Lost-his-
case;
Arthur Caught-in-a-trap, and Moses Crooked-
nose,
John Bear-in-the-middle, and David Bend-the-
bows;
And many other warriors,
Came flocking, one and all,
To dance to sweetest music,
At the famous Leap Year ball.

I N D I A N L E G E N D S A N D
: : : O T H E R P O E M S : : :

What's in a name, Sir Critic?
The dusky native sons
And daughters are as proud of theirs,
As many gentler ones ;
And when engaged in dancing,
Parading up and down,
Have just as keen enjoyment,
As Jones or Smith or Brown.

THE ORIGIN OF THE TRIBES

LONG, long ago, before the birth
Of man, so legends say,
The gods were rulers of the earth,—
O'er land and sea held sway ;
And Wishpoosh, the great beaver god,
Who dwelt within the lake,
Claimed everything near his abode,
In water, plain or brake.

He claimed the wood upon the shore,
The waters and the fish ;
And cruel Wishpoosh had far more
Than ever heart could wish ;
And he destroyed each living thing
In anger, that came near ;
His cruel strength, o'erpowering,
Set all the land in fear.

One day the great coyote god,
Speelyai, passed by that way,
And saw his creatures worn and sad,
Because of beaver's sway ;
For lack of food his creatures all,
Were slowly starving there,
The high and low, the great and small,
In fear and blank despair.

INDIAN LEGENDS AND
: : : OTHER POEMS : : :

Speelyai was kind of heart and true,
And loved his creatures well ;
And he resolved what he would do,
To break the beaver's spell,
And save them from a cruel fate,
So undeserved and wrong ;
He would his creatures liberate,
And kill the beaver strong.

A powerful short-handed spear,
He bound around his waist
With twisted flax, without a fear,
And to the lake made haste ;
He found Wishpoosh, and through his heart
Drove swift his heavy spear ;
The beaver god, with angry start,
Plunged 'neath the waters clear.

A fearful struggle then ensued ;
For Speelyai was made fast
To Wishpoosh, with the twisted cord,
About his body cast ;
They struggled there till close of day,
When Wishpoosh turned to flee,
And entered the Columbia
That flows into the sea.

INDIAN LEGENDS AND
: : : OTHER POEMS : : :

With mighty strength, and seeming ease,
 Speelyai was dragged along ;
He clutched at rocks and passing trees,
 To break the cordage strong ;
But Speelyai was not released,
 Till seas before them spread ;
The beaver's dying struggles ceased,
 The beaver god was dead.

He dragged his victim to the land,
 And then with purpose grim,
He laid him there upon the sand,
 And tore him limb from limb ;
And of the parts the tribes he made,
 Of all the western coast,—
Though now diminished and decayed,
 Were once a mighty host.

And of the belly Speelyai made
 The many people that
Reside along the coast, and said :
 “You shall be short and fat ;”
And of the legs, Cayuses grave,
 And Speelyai said to them :
“You shall be fleet of foot, and brave,
 And stout of heart and limb.”

I N D I A N L E G E N D S A N D
: : : O T H E R P O E M S : : :

The northern tribes were from the head,—
 Nez Perces, Coeur d' Alenes,
Whose fame through all the west has spread,
 As men of wealth and brains ;
Men wise in peace, in warfare bold,
 And skilled in art and trade ;
The Yakimas, like Eve of old,
 Were of the ribs then made.

And last of all before him lay,
 But blood and vile refuse ;
And these Coyote threw away
 To country of the Sioux,
And country of the Snakes, and said :
 “You shall be mean and vile,
By violence and hatred led,
 And treachery and guile.”

And then the mighty Speelyai stood,
 Where many waters meet,
And viewed his work,—pronounced it good,
 And perfect and complete ;
And standing on a peak to rest,—
 The land before him spread,—
He pointed North and South and West,
 Then to the East, and said :

INDIAN LEGENDS AND
: : : OTHER POEMS : : :

"There is no longer room for me ;
For, lo, on every hand,
The earth is filled, my people free,
Inhabit all the land."
Then he who made the noble race,
That once controlled this shore,
Departed sadly from his place,
And he was seen no more.

SIoux AND SIoux-ICIDE

IN the land of the powerful Sioux,
There lived a young warrior named Lioux ;
"Great goodness !" he cried,
I must get me a bried ;
That's the very first thing I must dioux."

To a maiden with plenty of beaux,
He determined at once to propeaux ;
Said she, "I don't know ;
You have frightened me ksow,
I'll have to refuse, I suppeaux."

He understood not the finesse,
Of a fair maiden's no, that means yesse ;
So he stole a big knife,
And ended his klife,
And he's now a "Good Indian," I guesse.

INDIAN LEGENDS AND
: : : OTHER POEMS : : :

THE ORIGIN OF THE RED MAN

(Ralbo's story, from Hon. J. C. Cooper's excellent book, *The Yamhills*.)

LONG time ago, a great bird flew
To where my people dwell ;
O'er mountains high and forests new,
He searched each hill and dell ;
The bird was looking for a mate,
To make his lone heart glad ;
No people could the bird locate,
His life was lone and sad.

He flew to mountain tops far north,
But found no people there ;
He flew to mountain tops far south,
But all was bleak and bare ;
His heart was weary and oppressed,
For snow was on the peaks ;
He flew to mountains in the west,
But finds not what he seeks.

Through forests deep, o'er mountains high,
He early searched and late ;
The great bird was about to die,
Because he found no mate ;
Then the Great Spirit whispered low,
"Go to the valleys fair,
Between the hills, where rivers flow,
Among the animals there."

INDIAN LEGENDS AND
: : : OTHER POEMS : : :

He flew, and flew to valleys fair,
And circling round and round,
Found many animals everywhere,
But no people there he found;
Then he said to the eagle gray,
"Will you be my mate?" A spring
The eagle gave, and flew away,
And he broke the eagle's wing.

Next to the fox he went and said,
"Fox, will you be my mate?"
The wild fox answered no, and fled
To the forests desolate;
Then he said to a little fawn,
Grazing beside a rill,
"Pretty fawn, will you be my mate?"
And the fawn replied, "I will."

He made the fawn to stand upright,
Its two front feet made hands;
He made its eyes to shine as bright
As stars in tropic lands;
Its ears he changed to long, black hair,
And straight before him grew
An Indian maiden, pure and fair
As roses, tipped with dew.

I N D I A N L E G E N D S A N D
: : : O T H E R P O E M S : : :

The hawk and dove were to him drawn,
And said, "Oh, spirit mild,
Oh, make me pretty, like the fawn,
And I will be your child ;"
The bear, the badger and the swan,
Came to him with the plea,
"Oh, make us pretty, like the fawn,—
Your children we would be."

He made them pretty like the fawn,
And people they became ;
And ere the summer day was gone,
He gave to each a name,
And in a book, long, long ago,
Did all their names inscribe ;
They were his children, and are now
My people and my tribe.

I N D I A N L E G E N D S A N D
: : : O T H E R P O E M S : : :

WHY THE DOVE MOURNS

WHEN beasts were men, so we are told,
And talked as men do now,
There lived a warrior, wise and bold,
As legends all avow,
A mighty man, in days of old,
Of noble mien and brow.

Go-nut,—the Salmon, was his name,
Well known through all the west ;
In war and peace alike his fame,
The bravest and the best ;
He kindled an undying flame
In every maiden's breast.

At last the famous warrior wed
Sulk-sulk, a maiden fair,
And many pleasant summers sped
Before the happy pair ;
And peaceful was the life they led,
Without a thought of care.

But then appeared an Indian maid,
Lovely Te-coon-te-coon ;
With suitors true she often strayed
Beneath the silver moon,
And many lovers left, dismayed,
For she accepted none.

I N D I A N L E G E N D S A N D
: : : O T H E R P O E M S : : :

Go-nut determined to propose,
 Since all the young men failed,
And to the maiden quickly goes,—
 His wooing soon prevailed;
Her love the pretty maid bestows,
 Denials naught availed.

They soon were married, and the bride,
 Full happy and content,
The favored wife, all wants supplied,
 Lived in the chieftain's tent;
There as his second wife to bide,
 With happy heart she went.

Sulk-sulk was much neglected; lone
 And dreary was her life;
And though his love so cold had grown,
 She was a faithful wife;
She murmured not, but plodding on,
 Allayed domestic strife.

But, finally, there came a day,
 So full of pain and care,
The burdens that upon her lay,
 Were more than she could bear;
So she resolved to go away,
 And close the sad affair.

INDIAN LEGENDS AND
: : : OTHER POEMS : : :

And with her son upon her back,—
She could not leave her child,—
She started on the pathless track,
Through forests dark and wild,
Across the Cascade Mountains black,
Self-banished, self-exiled.

The famous chief was soon advised
Where she had gone, and when,
And then he fully realized
How cruel he had been ;
His faithlessness he now despised,
And wished her back again.

And so he would arrest her flight,
And bring her back again,
And make amends for every slight ;
Te-coon-te-coon would fain
Go with him, hoping that she might
Her husband's love retain.

They followed Sulk-sulk's tracks, and
passed
Her camp fires on the way ;
For many weeks they onward pressed,
Across the mountains gray,
Till, wearied, Go-nut stopped to rest,
And at the close of day,

I N D I A N L E G E N D S A N D
: : : O T H E R P O E M S : : :

Under a bank he soundly slept,
Worn out with toil and woe,
When stealthily Coyote crept,
And dealt Go-nut a blow
With a large stone, and thus entrapped,
And laid the chieftain low.

The sly Coyote wished to make
Te-coon-te-coon his own;
To win her love, and for her sake,
He threw the heavy stone
That slew the chieftain in his track,
Without a sigh or moan.

She sat beside her chief and mourned,
While stars shone out above;
Coyote's sympathy she spurned,—
Would not accept his love;
Coyote's heart with hatred burned;
He turned her to a dove,

And told her she should weep, and weep,
Long as the world should stand;
And she, today, in forests deep,
In every clime and land,
In lonely vale or mountain steep,
Obeys the stern command.

I N D I A N L E G E N D S A N D
: : : O T H E R P O E M S : : :

“Oh-ho-wich-gee-cul!” still is heard
The plaintive, wailing chord;
“Oh, husband, husband!” still the word
Rings out its sweet accord,
And still the gentle, faithful bird,
Mourns for her murdered lord.

INDIAN LEGENDS AND
: : : OTHER POEMS : : :

INDIAN LULLABY

SLEEP, my baby, sleep ;
The busy day is done,
The silent night begun,
The shadows o'er us creep,
Then sleep, my little babe, sleep.

Sleep, my baby, sleep ;
The birds have gone to rest,
The squirrel is in its nest ;
Bright stars their vigils keep,
Then sleep, my little son, sleep.

Sleep, my baby, sleep ;
The night bird's call I hear,
The wolf is prowling near,
Out in the forest deep,
Then sleep, my little brave, sleep.

Sleep, my baby, sleep ;
Father will soon be here ;
He's hunting for the deer,
Out on the mountain steep,
Then sleep, my dusky brave, sleep.

INDIAN LEGENDS AND
: : : OTHER POEMS : : :

THE INDIAN MESSENGERS

In 1832 the people of St. Louis, then a border city, were surprised to see in their streets four Nez Perces Indians. During all the summer and fall, through hostile tribes, they had been crossing the mountains and plains. They were treated by Gen. Clark with the greatest kindness. They were reticent at first, but later it was learned that they were seeking a heavenly book known to the white men, and for teachers for their people. Their pathetic appeal became the moving cause of the establishment of Christian Missions, by the Lees, Whitman and others, to the Indians of the Northwest. Two of these Indians died at St. Louis. On their journey homeward the survivors were joined by George Catlin, who was much pleased with them, and who painted their portraits, which are Nos. 207 and 208 of his noted collection. These two were named "No-horns-on-his-head" and "Rabbit-skin-leggins." But one of them lived to reach home.—From *Life of Marcus Whitman*, by Dr. Nixon.

The Nez Perces' farewell address to Gen. Clark, from which the following poem was written, is found in *Marcus Whitman and Early Days of Oregon*, by Wm. A. Mowry.

THE NEZ PERCES' FAREWELL ADDRESS TO GENERAL CLARK

LONG my people dwelt in darkness,
Long have worshipped the Great Spirit;
In his wondrous works they see him,—
In the flowers that bloom in spring time,
In the drifting snows of winter,
In the rivers flowing seaward,
In the green firs of the forest,

INDIAN LEGENDS AND
: : : OTHER POEMS : : :

They can see his thoughts reflected ;
Feel his breath upon the waters,
Feel his heart-throbs in the spring time,
When all Nature re-awakens
From her winter's sleep of beauty ;
Hear his voice amidst the thunder
Of the storms that sweep the mountains ;
In the babbling brook they hear it,
In the sighing of the pine trees,
In the echoes of the canyons ;
And the summer breezes whisper
Of the Spirit great and mighty,
Of the wise and good Creator.

But the Spirit never told us
Of our duty to each other,
Never left a book to guide us
To the Land of the Hereafter,
And my people are in darkness ;
They have heard that in the city,
Far across the Rocky Mountains,
Far across the level country,
By a mighty, rushing river,
In a book, and plainly written,
Are the words of the Great Spirit ;
So my people held a council,
And they sent me for the writing,
For the words of the Great Spirit,
For the White Man's Book of Heaven.

INDIAN LEGENDS AND
: : : OTHER POEMS : : :

Many weary moons¹ I traveled,
O'er the mountains steep and rugged,
Through the dark and pathless forest,
Over deep and rapid rivers,
Through the trackless, sandy desert,
Through the Sioux and Blackfoot country,
Through the country of the Pawnees;
Enemies along the journey,
Hostile foes, beset my pathway,
But I left them all behind me,
Still my face turned to the sun rise,
Till the steeples of your city,
By the Father of the Waters,
Rose before my longing vision.

You have treated me with kindness,
Took me to the place of pleasure,
Where I saw your women dancing
As our wives are not permitted,
But the words of the Great Spirit,
In the written book I found not;
Then you led me to the houses
Where you worship the Great Spirit,
Worship him with burning candles;
Showed me pictures of good people,
Showed me images of marble,
But the Book was not among them;

1. Months.

I N D I A N L E G E N D S A N D
: : : O T H E R P O E M S : : :

Showed me all your wondrous houses,
Showed me all your mighty city,
Showed me how upon the water
All your big canoes were floating,
But the words of the Great Spirit,
In the White Man's Book of Heaven,
I have longed for, I have found not.

And the fathers who came with me,
Braves of many wars and winters,
Lie asleep by your great water ;
They were weary with the journey,
And their moccasins were worn out ;
Many moons they traveled with me,
I return alone without them.

Now I go back to my people,
On the long trail o'er the desert,
Far across the snow-clad mountains ;
Though I came with one eye opened
For the light, to aid my people,
For my friends who sit in darkness,
Now with both eyes closed I journey,
And I have no light to give them ;
Though with strong arms I came from them,
I go back with both arms empty,
I go back with both arms broken ;
You have burdened me with presents,
Gifts to carry to my people,
But the Book is not among them.

INDIAN LEGENDS AND
: : : OTHER POEMS : : :

After one more snow,² in council,
I will meet my poor blind people ;
When I tell them of my failure
To bring back the Book of Heaven,
Not a word will then be spoken
By the young braves, or the old men ;
One by one, amidst the silence,
They will rise up and will leave me ;
They will live and die in darkness,
And will go the last long journey,
To the Land of the Hereafter,
With no White Man's Book to guide them,
Or make plain the way before them ;
With no words of the Great Spirit,
To direct them on their journey ;
Farewell, brother ; I have spoken.

2. Year.

HOW THE CASCADES OF THE
COLUMBIA WERE FORMED

LONG, long ago, in Indian lore,
In dim and distant ages,
A stone bridge spanned the river o'er,
Where now the water rages ;
A great stone bridge, on Nature's plan,
The mighty river covered ;
Beneath it dark the water ran,
Above the storm-clouds hovered.

The Indians gathered there each year,
In pleasant summer weather,
From north and south, from far and near,
For many weeks together,—
'Twas neutral ground,—to live in peace
With all tribes dwelling near it ;
And there they offered sacrifice
To Manitou, the Great Spirit.

Far to the north, in splendor, stood
Mount Adams, in his glory,
And to the left majestic Hood,
Far famed in song and story ;
And near them, modest, pure and true
To chastity and duty,
St. Helens rose between the two,
Bewitching in her beauty.



NORTH ABUTMENT TO BRIDGE OF THE GODS, AND CASCADES OF THE COLUMBIA
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INDIAN LEGENDS AND
: : : OTHER POEMS : : :

Mount Adams, calm and dignified,
Mount Hood, so cold and royal,
Both wished St. Helens for a bride,
For both were lovers loyal;
St. Helens' pure, bewitching face,
Won love that could not waver;
And each contended for first place
In fair St. Helens' favor.

First jealousy between the two,
Then fiercest hate succeeded;
Dire threats and accusations flew,—
From mount to mountain speeded;
At last, Mount Adams, where he stood,
By rage and fury blinded,
A boulder threw at stately Hood;
Thus of his hate reminded,

Mount Hood responded with a stone;
And then began in earnest,
The greatest duel ever known,
The deadliest and sternest;
Earth trembled, and huge boulders flew,
From mount to mountain dashing;
Storms bellowed and fierce whirl-winds blew,
And vivid lightnings flashing.

INDIAN LEGENDS AND
: : : OTHER POEMS : : :

At last the fight came to a close,
Their strength was sorely tested ;
Exhausted were the mighty foes,
And from the battle rested ;
But what about the great stone bridge ?
Alas, for war's profaning,
Where firm it stood from ridge to ridge,
Was not a span remaining.

But in its place the water flows
In rapid, churning motion,
Dashing and splashing as it goes,
Like breakers on the ocean ;
The Cascades, men have named the place,
Where once the bridge suspended ;
And men may yet its outlines trace,
From shore to shore extended.

When the Great Spirit saw the blight
And ruin so dismaying,
His anger kindled at the sight,
And he commanded, saying,
The mountains dead shall always be,
And silent in their stations,
Against the sin of jealousy,
A warning to all nations.

INDIAN LEGENDS AND
: : : OTHER POEMS : : :

THE EMBRACE OF DEATH

FULL half way up, on the mountain side,
Overlooking a pleasant land,
Each marking the tomb of an Indian bride,
Three rude and simple headstones stand;
And this is the story the natives tell,
With faltering lips, and bated breath,
Of the warriors bold and the savage yell,
The maidens three, and the embrace of death.

For Klickitat maidens fair were they,
Captives held by the Coeur d'Alenes;
The only fruits of a bold foray,
And a bloody battle upon the plains.
But the Klickitat warriors forward pressed,
And rode hard after their ancient foes;
And the Coeur d' Alenes, holding their captives
fast,
Fled for their mountains, like frightened does.

INDIAN LEGENDS AND
: : : OTHER POEMS : : :

The Klickitats followed, like bees from their
hives,
And the Coeur d'Alenes found they soon must
submit
To loose their captives, and ride for their lives,
Or somehow must manage their foes to outwit;
Then three warriors took their captives fair,
And leaving their comrades, determined to
hide;
Concealing their trail with infinite care,
They entered a cave on the mountain side.

From their vantage point, in the morning gray,
They saw them passing their hiding place,
And heard the shouting, as far away,
The warriors rode on their bootless chase;
And the maidens appeared in gentle mood,
And accepted their fate with one accord;
They made the beds and prepared the food,
Each waiting upon her Coeur d'Alene lord.

One of the maids was the daughter fair,
Of a medicine man in her native wild;
She had learned his secrets, and potions rare,
And practiced his arts since a little child;
And during the heat of the afternoon,
She caught ten rattlesnakes, it is said,
Secreting them in her clothing, she soon
Had hidden them in the rustic bed.

INDIAN LEGENDS AND
: : : OTHER POEMS : : :

As the sun went down, in war-dress arrayed,
Observing the customs of their tribe,
They married each other to captive maid,
As their traditions and laws prescribe;
Then there was feasting and joy for each brave,
Till late they retired to their bridal bed,—
Made of fir branches, laid in the cave,
With robes of buffalo over them spread.

Then wild yells of pain and agony rose
From the folds of the bridal cot;
And the frenzied warriors, with savage blows,
Attempted to flee from the spot.
But the maidens' arms about them cling,
And the rattlers' warnings rang,
Till a dozen times they had felt the sting
Of the serpent's terrible fang.

With fury they seized their defenseless brides,
And the captives were cruelly slain;
Then mounting their ponies each warrior rides,
To die in agony on the plain.
And the Klickitats, searching far and wide,
Found the dead bodies of them they sought,
And buried them there on the mountain side,
Whose freedom had been so dearly bought.

I N D I A N L E G E N D S A N D
: : : O T H E R P O E M S : : :

And in their honor the headstones rude
 Were raised by the sorrowing braves;
And pale-faced strangers now oft intrude,
 To visit the lonely graves.
In the mountain tribes of a dying race,
 The story's still told with bated breath;
And an Indian proverb says: The embrace
 Of a Klickitat maid is the embrace of death.

INDIAN LEGENDS AND
: : : OTHER POEMS : : :

THE STORY OF JONATHAN DEE

YES, my dear Bonnie, a tale I'll relate,
A story of pioneer days I'll narrate—
A brave farmer's nerve, and a wild In-
dian's fate.

A story my grandfather used to enjoy,
Who told it to me when I was a boy,
No bigger than you, or your cousin Le Roy.

In sixteen hundred and seventy-three,
There lived near the pioneer town of Swansea,
A sturdy young farmer named Jonathan Dee.

Those were the good old New England days,
When King 'Phillip's braves set the land in a
blaze,
By their murderous deeds and deadly affrays.

When each settler's house was enclosed by
stockade,
Or armed and protected by strong palisade,
For better defense and security made.

When laborers went to their work in the field
Full armed, and their hearts to necessity steeled,
Determined to perish before they would yield.

I N D I A N L E G E N D S A N D
: : : O T H E R P O E M S : : :

Armed savages scoured the whole country o'er,
Singly, in pairs, or in bands of a score,
Destruction behind them, and terror before.

With smouldering ruins and death in their wake,
Each boasting in glee of the scalps he could take,
The savages reckoned their vengeance to slake.

Now Jonathan Dee had a nice field of grain
As ever yet gladdened the heart of a swain,
Full ripe, and awaiting the reaper's refrain.

He silently shouldered his scythe and his gun,—
No time for vain fears when there's work to be
done,
And grain to be saved ere the winter's begun.

"Now be careful, my dear," said his good wife
Rose,
"Look out for the tricks of our treacherous foes,
The Indians are near us, as every one knows."

"I'll keep a close lookout," her good husband
said,
"For I have no desire to sleep with the dead,
Nor lose the black locks from the crown of my
head."

INDIAN LEGENDS AND
: : : OTHER POEMS : : :

Arrived at the field and reclining his gun
In a broken fence corner, he quickly begun
To get the grain cut, ere the set of the sun.

He cut a wide swath through the ripening grain,
Then back to the place of beginning, again
The golden heads bowed with their mates to the
plain.

'Twas just after noon, in the heat of the day,
Our hero was busily working away,—
Behind him his wandering glance chanced to
stray.

A sight met his vision that filled him with dread,
And sent the cold chills from his feet to his head,
Near freezing the blood in his veins, it is said.

A red painted savage, his bitterest foe,
Was creeping upon him, so stealthy and slow,
With tomahawk ready to strike the death blow.

The demon's red face gleamed in triumph, he felt
Another brave pale face's scalp at his belt,
And honor he'd get for the blow he had dealt.

Though startled, our hero had presence of mind;
A man that was braver one hardly could find,—
And seemed not to notice his foe was behind.

INDIAN LEGENDS AND
: : : OTHER POEMS : : :

He saw at a glance what was best to be done,—
The Indian approached between him and his gun,
And Jonathan Dee had resolved not to run.

He worked away steadily, stroke after stroke,
With purpose as firm as the towering oak,
And breathed a low prayer, divine aid to invoke.

At each ringing stroke of the New England
scythe,
He glanced at his foeman, who serpent-like, lithe,
And noiselessly gliding, seemed nearer to writhe.

Still nearer and nearer, with panther-like tread,
The Indian approached to his victim ahead,
While bright smiles of joy o'er his grim visage
spread.

And now he is close to his laboring foe,
His nostrils dilate, and his eyes brightly glow ;
He raises his hatchet to deal the death blow.

But the blow never fell ; Dee's vigilant eye
Saw the treacherous act, and with furious cry,
He suddenly turned with the scythe lifted high.

And down on the neck of the wild renegade
Descended the might of that terrible blade ;
The strength of a giant the weapon obeyed.

I N D I A N L E G E N D S A N D
: : : O T H E R P O E M S : : :

The stroke rivaled that which the Saracen made,
When Richard, the Lion-Heart, led the crusade,
Which Scott, in "The Talisman," loves to parade.

The head of the savage sprang forward amain,
His body, in agony, sank to the plain,
And Jonathan Dee,—finished cutting his grain.

And that is the story of Jonathan Dee,
Which my aged grandfather told unto me,
As told by his father, who lived in Swansea.

INDIAN LEGENDS AND
: : : OTHER POEMS : : :

JOHN WALTON AND THE INDIANS

SIX savages started upon the warpath,
All gaudily painted with ocher and clay ;
For months they had brooded and bottled
their wrath,
Till now they determined a pale face to slay.

Then off to the settlement quickly they rode,
On tough little ponies, so wiry and stout ;
A bottle of fire-water each of them stowed,
To keep him from losing his courage, no doubt.

Old farmer John Walton was splitting a log,
A big knotty oak stick, with mallet and wedge,
When roused at the barking and growls of his
dog,
Six Indians he saw coming over the hedge.

They quickly surrounded him, pulled at his hair,
They plucked out his beard and they tweaked
his long nose ;
Their tomahawks wildly they brandished in air,
And danced in delight as they bent their long
bows.

INDIAN LEGENDS AND
: : : OTHER POEMS : : :

"Prepare for the torture," the big chieftain said,
"This day I have sworn it, the pale face must
die."

"All right," Walton said, "but before I am dead,
A favor I'll ask, which you must not deny.

"If I should go hence without splitting this log,
To the far happy hunting grounds, home of the
good,
No better I'd be than my horse or my dog,
Unhappy I'd be in the prairie or wood.

"He can not feel pleasure nor happiness there,
Who leaves incomplete what he undertakes
here;
I'd find there no pleasure in hunting the bear,
No pleasure I'd take in the chase of the deer.

"I must finish my task." "We'll wait," said the
chief,
"Complete it; we ask not condition, nor
pledge";
The Indians were pleased with John Walton's
belief,
And gravely they watched as he hammered the
wedge.

INDIAN LEGENDS AND
: : : OTHER POEMS : : :

Becoming impatient,—the splitting was slow,
They offered their services, wildly agog,
And three on each side kneeling, three in a row,
Grasped firmly the edge of the opening log.

“Now pull,” yelled John Walton, and manfully all
Leaned backward, all eager the word to obey;
A powerful stroke on its side, with the maul,
Sent the hard wedge a-flying some two rods
away.

A fierce yell of rage from six dusky throats rose,
A deep roar of pain, their credulity's price,
As the lips of the oaken log instantly close,
Enclosing their hands in its clasp, like a vise.

They begged and they prayed and they promised
in vain,
A pale face no more would they kill nor sur-
prise;
A practical man was John Walton, and plain;
Said he, “Your dead Indians never tell lies.”

In death were soon sleeping those terrible men,
Who rode forth so gaily that beautiful day;
A famous old warrior was Walton since then,
And lived unmolested thereafter, they say.

THE BURIED TREASURE

(A Legend of the Tillamook Coast.)

BY the broad Pacific Ocean,
On a bay of passing beauty,
Lived the Killamooks, a peaceful,
Intelligent and happy people.
Ten decades before the white man
Sailed upon Columbia's waters,
Lived this people by the ocean,
In contentment and with plenty.

But one day in early summer,
Came a vessel from the ocean,
Came a ship with sails outspreading,
Like a bird on white wings floating,
Like a sea-gull on the water.
And the Indians gazed and wondered,
For they never had imagined
A canoe so great and mighty,
As to hold a hundred people,
Ne'er before had seen a white man ;
Long they gazed in silent wonder,
Gazed in wonder and amazement.

I N D I A N L E G E N D S A N D
: : : O T H E R P O E M S : : :

'Twas an ancient Spanish galleon,
Built when Spaniards ruled the waters,
By a pirate crew commanded,
Wild free-booters of the ocean ;
They 'from Mexico had wandered,
Or, perchance, from far Manila,
Intercepted merchant vessels,
Treasure ships of Spanish monarch,
And with gold and booty laden,
Ballasted with tons of beeswax,
Driven by a stress of weather,
By a storm from off the tropics,
To this region in the northland,
Where the Oregon flows onward
To the broad Pacific Ocean,
Where the Killamooks were dwelling,
And to north of them the Clatsops,
And the Siletz to the southward.

To this land the pirate rover,
With his snow-white wings came sailing,
In his big canoe came sailing,
In his ancient Spanish galleon,
The first white man on these waters,
In the broad expanse of ocean
Of the mighty north Pacific ;
In a cove he cast his anchor,
And the ship lay calm and silent,
Like a bird upon the water.

INDIAN LEGENDS AND
: : : OTHER POEMS : : :

And the Indians gazed and wondered,
Till the night about had fallen ;
Swiftly was the message carried
Far and near by fleetest runners,
And the Indians came by hundreds,
Came to see the stranger vessel,
With her huge masts pointing skyward ;
Through the shadows of the darkness
They could see the distant outlines
Of the strange ship on the water ;
Now and then a light came gleaming
O'er the water, from a distance,
Moved about the distant vessel,
Like a flitting jack o'lantern.

All night long the Indians waited,
Watched and waited in the darkness,
Till the first gray beams of morning
Touched the billows of the ocean
With a strange and magic beauty.

Then appeared upon the vessel
Strange confusion and commotion ;
Hoarse replies and orders spoken,
And a passing and re-passing,
Flitting here, and there, and yonder,
And with creaking of the pulleys,
And with sound of many voices,
And with shouting and with swearing,

INDIAN LEGENDS AND
: : : OTHER POEMS : : :

The small boats were slowly lowered,—
Small canoes with many paddles,
By the great canoe supported ;
They were lowered to the water,
And were quickly filled with people,
Till the boats were near to sinking.
Twenty stern and rugged pirates,
Men of every rank and nation,
Wild, unshaven and fierce-looking,
Armed with cutlass, sword and pistol,
Rowed their boats into the breakers,
And upon the sea-shore landed.

Then eight strong and stalwart sailors
Took a large chest from the life-boat,
Bearing it away between them,
While their leader marched before them
And their comrades followed after,
Up the pathway from the ocean ;
Strong the chest was, made of hard wood,
And was bound with bands of iron ;
And within it was the treasure,
Filched from monarch and from merchant,
In their wild life on the ocean ;
Precious stones of greatest beauty,
Of all kinds, in great profusion,
Bars of virgin gold and silver,
Buckskin bags well filled with gold dust,
Spanish coins of greatest value,
Filled the chest with wealth uncounted.

I N D I A N L E G E N D S A N D
: : : O T H E R P O E M S : : :

And the Indians followed after,
Followed at respectful distance,
Gazed in silence at the strangers,
Wondered at their arms and raiment,
Thinking them superior beings
From strange lands across the water,
Or from other worlds descended.

To a cliff they marched in silence,
To a tall cliff facing seaward,
Looking westward to the sunset;
Perpendicular its face was,
And on all the coast a landmark;
At its base they laid their burden,
And with help of pick and shovel,
Soon had made an excavation,
Dug a grave within the shadow
Of the cliff so tall and rugged,
And the chest, with treasure laden,
In the open grave they lowered;
Then they led a frightened negro,
Led a slave into the circle,
In the open grave they placed him,
Made him kneel upon the treasure,
And the captain's pistol sounded,
Sounded clear above the breakers
Rolling on the sands below them;
Swiftly sped the leaden bullet,

I N D I A N L E G E N D S A N D
: : : O T H E R P O E M S : : :

Quickly it performed its mission,
And the slave lay dead forever,
There to guard the buried treasure.

Then the pirates, with their shovels,
Quickly filled the excavation,
And with earth the grave was rounded,
Buried deep the untold riches,
With the slave above to guard it.
And the Indians ranged about them,
Gazed upon the scene enacted,
Wondered at the smell of powder,
At the small but deadly weapon,
Charged with thunder and with lightning.
Curiosity and wonder
Overcoming fear and caution,
They kept drawing near, and nearer,
Till they stood about the white men ;
Then the leader of the pirates
Thus addressed the startled Indians :
Friends, we here the chest have buried,
And the blackman left to guard it ;
It must never be molested ;
He who dares attempt to dig here,
Or remove the box we buried,
Shall be haunted by the spirit
Of the slave we leave upon it ;
For his spirit here shall hover,
And shall guard the chest forever ;

INDIAN LEGENDS AND
: : : OTHER POEMS : : :

He is powerful in magic,
And will strike dead each intruder ;
Neither shall you speak nor whisper
Of the things your eyes have witnessed,
Or your lives shall be accursed,
And the spirit guard shall haunt you,
And, perchance, it may destroy you ;
Let this day be soon forgotten ;
Friends, remember ; I have spoken.

Then with chisel and with mallet,
Soon a tall and bearded Spaniard
Cut a cross above the treasure,
Cut a large cross in the hard rock
Of the cliff, above the treasure,
Thus recording its location ;
Turning westward to the ocean,
To the sea-shore marched the pirates,
To their boats upon the water,
Pushed out boldly through the breakers,
Quickly boarded they their vessel,
Spread the sails and raised the anchor,
And were soon lost in the distance,
On the mighty waste of ocean.

They, no doubt, had full intention,
Of some later day returning
To secure the buried treasure ;
But a storm rose on the ocean,

INDIAN LEGENDS AND
: : : OTHER POEMS : : :

Fierce and long their ship was driven,
Snapped her masts,¹ like dry twigs broken,
Lost her sails and lost her anchor,
Swept her sailors in the ocean,
And when every man had perished,
Cast her hulk, still filled with beeswax,
On the beach of the Nehalem.²

Thus the pirate vessel perished,
Perished, too, the crew and captain,
But the treasure still is buried,
Still lies buried on the sea-shore,
And the blackman's spirit guards it.

1. Several years ago the author saw a section of an old mast lying on the beach south of the Nestucca. It had been there since the white men first went into that country, and the Indians claim that it was from the Spanish pirate ship that was wrecked on the Tillamook coast ages ago. It was about three feet in diameter, made of Spanish cedar, not a single stick, but many pieces, layer upon layer. The parts were fastened together with numerous long, sharpened hardwood wedges, and hand-made wrought-iron spikes, about eighteen inches in length. It was well preserved, even then, and had, apparently, been a great deal larger.

2. Tons of beeswax have been dug out of the sands at the mouth of the Nehalem River, and placed on the market. Experts from the Smithsonian Institute claim that it is mineral wax, but that is evidently not true. Well-moulded cakes have been dug out, with inscriptions on them, and perfectly formed candles of the same material have been found, with a hole through the center, where the wick has disappeared. The cargo was evidently intended for the Catholic Missions on the Mexican or South American coast. The legends of the Indians connect the beeswax with the Spanish pirate ship.

I N D I A N L E G E N D S A N D
: : : O T H E R P O E M S : : :

It is more than twenty decades,
Since the treasure thus was buried ;
But the Indians kept the secret,
Never talked with one another,
Until all were dead and buried,
No one but the chief remaining
Of the Indians who had witnessed
There the bloody scene enacted,
And who saw the treasure buried.
As the feeble chief lay dying,
Ere the spark of life departed,
To his bedside called the chifetaín,
Called his son who should succeed him,
Told him all the burning secret,
That had slumbered in his bosom
For so many weary winters ;
Warned him never to repeat it
Till his days of life were numbered.
And the son observed the warning,
In his bosom kept the secret
Till he found that he was dying ;
Then he told about the treasure
To his son, who long years after,
Told it to a friendly trapper,
And it reached the ears of white men.

I N D I A N L E G E N D S A N D
: : : O T H E R P O E M S : : :

But from fear or superstition,
Not an Indian ever mentioned,
Or revealed the dread location
Where the treasure chest was buried,
And the spot is lost forever.
But somewhere along the coast line,
From Netarts to the Nehalem,
There are wealth and riches buried,
Greater than the wealth of Klondike,
Or the fabled wealth that glittered
In the cavern of Aladdin.

Many men, for months together,
Up and down the coast have wandered,
Searching for the cross appearing
On the cliff above the treasure.
But their search was ever fruitless,
And the treasure still lies buried,
While the dead man's spirit guards it.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

THE WILLAMETTE

LET others incline
To sing of the Rhine,
Or of Hudson's fairy dells ;
 I sing of a stream,
 That flows like a dream,
To the tune of wedding bells.
 For of all the streams,
 'Neath the sun's bright beams,
The Willamette is dearest to me,
 Which springs from repose,
 In a prison of snows,
And joyously bounds to the sea.

 One evening afloat
 In a little boat,
On waves of that crystal stream,
 In response to an old,
 Old story, re-told,
I heard as in a dream,
 In low accents falling,
 A fairy voice calling,
A wind-whisper to the pine,
 As summer breeze sighing,
 A sweet voice replying,
"I will, I will be thine."

I N D I A N L E G E N D S A N D
: : : O T H E R P O E M S : : :

I hail with delight
That river so bright,
Which cheerily flows along ;
And ever the strain
Of a glad refrain,
I hear in its merry song ;
And ever it seems,
Its voice, in my dreams,
Is calling, calling to me,
As brightly it flows,
From a region of snows,
Till lost in arms of the sea.

Then flow on forever,
Thou beautiful river,
Bride of the murmuring sea ;
Forever repeating
Thy musical greeting,
"I come, I come to thee."
Repeating the strain
Of an old refrain,
Still treasured in memory's shrine,
Thy mystical singing,
The glad message bringing,
"I will, I will be thine."

INDIAN LEGENDS AND
: : : OTHER POEMS : : :

TO MOUNT HOOD

GRAND monarch of thy kind! Thy regal
brow
Rises above the earth, erect and bold,
Crowned with thy hoary locks of driven snow,
Like some heroic patriarch of old;
For centuries around thy mighty form,
Storm-clouds have hovered and the north wind
blown;
But heeding not the blasts, nor wintry storm,
Thou standest like a sentinel, alone.

The rising sun's first bright resplendent ray,
Reflects thy regal splendor from the sky;
The last departing beams of dying day,
Thy royal form with beauty glorify,
And kiss thy noble brow a fond good night;
Thou look'st upon a busy world, and blind,
From thy fair home of purity and light,
Above the snares and cares of human kind.

I N D I A N L E G E N D S A N D
: : : O T H E R P O E M S : : :

As I behold thy beauty from afar,
 Thy matchless purity and pow'r sublime
Shine with a brighter ray than morning star,
 And lift my soul above the things of time;
O'er all the land, thy constancy and grace
 Their fragrance shed, as drops of morning
 dew;
Who draws sweet inspiration from thy face,
 Grows more like thee, more constant and more
 true.

Thou emblem of all majesty, and truth!
 A still small voice from thy refulgence sings,
To aid decrepit age, aspiring youth;
 Directing all our thoughts to nobler things;
And, as of old, the Teacher led his band,
 Embodiment of purity and love,
Amidst a world of error dost thou stand,
 Pointing the erring soul to heaven above.



MOONLIGHT ON THE U'MPQUA

THE SONG OF THE UMPQUA

LIFE is like a peaceful river
Flowing onward to the sea ;
And its crystal waves forever,
Send our influence and endeavor,
Onward to eternity."
This the Umpqua sang to me,
As I loitered by its side,
And the shadows ceaselessly
Played upon its silvery tide ;
Rippling o'er its rocky ledges,
Gliding peacefully along
Through the rushes and the sedges,
Singing still that pleasant song,
Blithely singing, as in glee,
Thus the Umpqua sang to me.

"Life is like a mighty river,
Rushing onward to the sea ;
In its mad career forever,
Giving place with stern endeavor,
For the millions yet to be."
This the Umpqua sang to me,
As I wandered by its side,
And its current fretfully
Swept along its rugged tide ;

I N D I A N L E G E N D S A N D
: : : O T H E R P O E M S : : :

Dashing, splashing as in madness,
O'er the bowlders in the way,
Singing a wild song of gladness,
This the Umpqua seemed to say:
"I have swept aside each barrier,—
Every obstacle away;
So should you, in life's endeavor,
Strive and conquer in the fray."
Roaring o'er its rocky bed,
This is what the Umpqua said.

"Life is like a noble river,
As it flows into the sea;
Though its earth-ties soon will sever,
'Twill live on, and on forever,
Through a vast eternity."
Thus the Umpqua sang once more,
As I watched its ebbing tide,
Heard the breakers on the shore
Of the ocean, rough and wide;
And the river, in its motion,
In its majesty flows on,
Mingles with the waste of ocean,
Till eternity shall dawn;
But its waves will dance forever
On the bosom of the deep,
And our deeds shall perish never,
Though we sleep our final sleep.

INDIAN LEGENDS AND
: : : OTHER POEMS : : :

Long I pondered o'er the lesson
That the river doth impart,
And the sweet song of the Umpqua
Found an echo in my heart;
And like angel voices singing,
As the river bounds along,
Do I hear the anthem ringing,—
This the burden of the song,
That the Umpqua, in its glee,
Gently flowing, sings to me:
"Life is like a peaceful river,
Flowing onward to the sea;
And our influence and endeavor,
Shall flow on, and on forever,
Unto all eternity."

THE BATTLESHIP "OREGON"

QUEEN of the seas! She cleaves the main,
As conquering army sweeps the plain;
She fears nor storm nor rugged rock,
Thrice welcoming the battle shock;
Dark-frowning on the waves afar,
Stout champion of a holy war,
Defied the navies of the Don,
The tyrant's foe,—the "Oregon."

Ten thousand miles o'er stormy seas,
Old Glory floating in the breeze,
Waving defiance to her foes;
A Spanish fleet dare not oppose
Her onward march, majestic, grand,
To rescue of a bleeding land;
So sailed to fame and fortune on,
The gallant steamer, "Oregon."

Grim, silent, terrible, she lay,
Like lion waiting for his prey,
When from the harbor's mouth there came
Thin wreathes of smoke; an answering flame
Broke from her watchful signal gun,
Proclaimed the battle had begun,
And to the fray came rushing on,
The every-ready "Oregon."

I N D I A N L E G E N D S A N D
: : : O T H E R P O E M S : : :

Then tumult wild arose, and great
Projectiles broke on armor plate;
Huge hulls were pierced, and bursting shells,
Shrieked fiercely out the funeral knells;
While showers of shot on Spanish decks,
Sang death songs through the burning wrecks,
And in that hell rode bravely on,
The dread, death-dealing "Oregon."

So raged the battle; one by one,
The Spanish cruisers turn and run
Their burning hulks upon the shore,
To ride the restless waves no more;
The "Colon" still, with flying feet,
Left far behind the tardy fleet,
But on her track, with victory won,
The "Brooklyn," and the "Oregon."

Queen of the ocean! On the sea,
Long may she battle for the free;
Long may she rule the ocean wide,
The Nation's boast, the navy's pride;
To every son of Freedom dear,
A battle-ship without a peer,
A mighty fleet still leading on,
The fleet-destroyer, "Oregon."

THE ROUGH-RIDERS AT LA QUASINA

“**N**OW up the darksome glen,
Hearts stout and steady, men;
Soon we will meet the foe,
Soon shall the tyrant feel
Freemen's revenging blow,
Freedom's avenging steel,—
Forward, Rough-riders.”

Proudly they marched away,
Eagerly sought the fray;
Footsore, yet toiling on,
Climbing the mountain side,
While burned the tropic sun
Over the desert wide,
Marched the Rough-riders.

Weary and faint and worn,
With the long march they'd borne,—
'Twas then the battle broke;
From out the woods amain,
'Midst clouds of sable smoke,
Fierce storms of leaden rain
Smote the Rough-riders.

I N D I A N L E G E N D S A N D
: : : O T H E R P O E M S : : :

Sharp spoke the rifle blast,
Volleys fired thick and fast,
 Outnumbered two to one,
Deep in the fatal wood,
 Plainsman and Fortune's son,
Shoulder to shoulder stood,
 Noble Rough-riders.

No coward hearts were there,
But strong to do and dare,
Bravely they faced the foe,
 Bravely fought long and well,
Though many were stricken low,
 Many brave comrades fell,—
 Gallant Rough-riders.

“Charge!” rang the sharp command;
Up sprang the gallant band,
Rushing the strong redoubt,
 Routing the Spaniards there,
Charged with a joyous shout,
 Cowboy and millionaire,
 Daring Rough-riders.

Before the wild hurricane
Swept the best blood of Spain;
Far from the field they fled,
 Spain's boasted chivalry,
Leaving their gory dead,
 Honors and victory
 With the Rough-riders.

I N D I A N L E G E N D S A N D
: : : O T H E R P O E M S : : :

Still may they ever be
Champions of Liberty ;
Hail, heroes, tried and true ;
 Nobly your work's begun,
Your country's proud of you,
 Proud of your victory won,
 Gallant Rough-riders.

ROVER'S DRILL

C OME here, Rover, let them see
 That you're smart and clever ;
If you're good, now, I will be
 Your best friend forever ;
Show the lady how you did,
 Playing in the clover ;
Rover, do as you are bid,
 Over, sir, roll over.

Now, sir, upright you must stand,
 Like a soldier training ;
Now salute me with your hand,—
 Do be entertaining ;
That's a dog that can't be beat ;
 See him strut so proudly ;
If you want a piece of meat,
 Speak, sir, speak out loudly.

"THEY'RE DYING OVER THERE"

'T WAS at the naval battle
Off Santiago bay ;
The Spaniards cleared the harbor—
And eager for the fray,
Brave Sampson bore down on them,
With all his gallant fleet,
And soon the Spanish cruisers,
Were sinking in defeat.

Upon the beach they ran them,
All fiercely burning wrecks,
And dead and dying hundreds
Were bleeding on their decks ;
Deep groaning of the wounded
Was heard on every side,
While magazines exploding
Strew death upon the tide.

And when, the battle ended,
The victors in delight
Cheered for the starry banner
That triumphed in the fight,
The captain of the "Texas,"
In sympathetic care,
"Don't cheer, my boys," he shouted,
"They're dying over there."

CAPT. JOHN H. COLEMAN
PHILIP, U.S.N.

I N D I A N L E G E N D S A N D
: : : O T H E R P O E M S : : :

And then the Yankee sailors
 A greater victory won,
When they the work of rescue
 And comfort had begun;
The dying foemen blessed them,
 The saved rejoice to find
A foe so brave in battle,
 As victors, true and kind.

And thus a greater battle
 A Christian nation wins;
When foes are conquered, helpless,
 Then charity begins;
The bold hearts are the quickest
 A fallen foe to save;
The brave alone are merciful,
 The good alone are brave.

God bless the Christian captain,
 For words so brave and true;
The pulse-beats of a nation throbs
 With energy anew,
As once before they bounded,
 When echoes of despair
Came from the shores of Cuba,
 "They're dying over there."

“REMEMBER THE MAINE”

WHEN o'er the dark waters the message
 was borne,
 That startled the Nation—caused mil-
 lions to mourn,
How peacefully moored in Havana's broad bay,
At midnight, in fancied security lay
America's war-ship, and how it was hurled,
With shock and report that was heard round the
 world,
And by treachery sunk,—and under the waves,
America's heroes were sent to their graves,—
A cry of revenge sounded sudden and shrill,
The shout wildly echoed from mountain and hill,
From ocean to ocean, o'er valley and plain,
War-cry of the Nation: “Remember the Maine!”

THEY REMEMBERED THE MAINE

W H E N Dewey sailed down to the Phil-
ippine Isles,
And entered the harbor and gallantly
files

His brave little fleet in battle array,
And sank every Spaniard afloat in the bay,
He sailed not for naught, and he fought not in
vain,
For Dewey's brave sailors remembered the
Maine.

When Cervera sailed out from the dangerous bay,
Where he'd been "bottled up," as the newspapers
say,
Some means of escape seeking, boldly he sailed
Through fierce storms of iron that over him
hailed,
In vain was his courage, for on him there fell
An incessant shower of shot and of shell,
That sent to the bottom the best ships of Spain,
For Sampson and Schley, they remembered the
Maine.

I N D I A N L E G E N D S A N D
: : : O T H E R P O E M S : : :

When Shafter's brave army moved on to the
town

Of old Santiago, whose batteries frown,
O'er strongly built earthworks, to check their
advance,

They gallantly charged, and each regiment plants
Its flag on the ramparts, and sore in defeat,

The enemy broke in disordered retreat,
Their courage was dauntless, resistance was vain,
For Shafter's brave soldiers remembered the
Maine.

In every engagement our bold Yankee tars
Have proved themselves worthy disciples of
Mars;

And in every battle by land or on sea,
To victory carried the flag of the free;
In every encounter, with bullets and steel,
Our soldiers have lowered the pride of Castile;
Our flag is victorious, and now even Spain,
And Spanish officials remember the Maine.

STRUCK OUT

THE battle raged most fiercely;
The Spaniards would not yield;
And death rode through the charging
ranks
On Santiago field.

The baseball pitcher faltered,
And sank upon the ground,
His good right arm all mangled,—
A gaping Mauser wound.

And there the surgeon found him,
The heat of battle past;
Upon the ground still sitting,
Dejected and downcast.

The soldier seemed discouraged,
Perplexed and filled with dread;
He rubbed the wounded member,
And then he scratched his head.

The surgeon raised him gently,
And bathed his aching head;
And dressed the mangled right arm,—
“Hurt much?” he kindly said.

"Hurt, nothing!" said the soldier,
And on his sun-tanned face,
An angry scowl had settled,
Like a runner left on base.

"It ain't for that I'm caring,
No cause, sir, for alarm;
Such blasted luck! I'm peppered
Right in my pitching arm.

THE BABY

SHE dis blinks 'er 'ittle eyes,
An' 'er tiny 'ead she shakes at me;
An' every 'ittle while she cries,
An' ugly faces makes at me;
She got no teef, she tan not talk,
She tan not even play wiv me;
She tan not stand, she tan not walk,
I guess she'll have to stay wiv me.

W'y didn't de doctor find me one,
C'd ras'le and play tags wiv me,
An' laugh, an' jump about an' run,
An' walk up to Aunt Mag's wiv me;
No, you tan't have my sis'er, dear,
You'll keep 'er all de day f'm me;
I love 'er, an' I'll keep 'er here,
You mus' not take 'er 'way f'm me.

THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN CAPRON

ALL hail, returning heroes! Still
Where wide the tyrant's banners wave,
At Freedom's call that land to save,
Brave men reply;
Though millions feel the martial thrill
Of charge of heroes nobly led,
The world stands with uncovered head,
When brave men die.

So died on Santiago field,
In shadow of the tropic wood,
Where grimly the Rough-riders stood,
That fatal day,
Brave Capron, and refused to yield,
Though far outnumbered by the foe;
He charged their struggling ranks, and so
He cleared the way.

Twice wounded by the rifle shot,
But still refusing to retire,
He sank amid the awful fire
Of shot and shell;
"Don't mind me, boys, but falter not,
And keep on fighting," Capron cried,
"Revenge!" his fearless men replied,
With sterner yell.

INDIAN LEGENDS AND
: : : OTHER POEMS : : :

The gallant captain borrowed, then,
A rifle from a soldier's hand,
And kneeling on the burning sand,
Wet with his gore,
Three rapid shots he fired,—The men
Saw at each shot a Spaniard slain,—
Then sank upon the battle plain,
To rise no more.

Thrice welcome to the heroes true,
Who lowered the haughty pride of Spain;
We praise them coming home again,
In victory;
And honor to the boys in blue,
Who fell beneath that tropic sky;
The world reveres the men who die
For liberty.

THE VOLUNTEER

GOD bless the man who goes to fight
For freedom, and for truth and right;
Who bravely seeks the battlefield,
The weary siege, the long campaign;
He goes the sword of right to wield,
A sword that's never drawn in vain;
God bless the volunteer.

He has no sordid thought of gain,
But to remove the tyrant's chain,
He risks his health, his life, his all,
Leaves all in life he most adored,
And ever true to duty's call,
He buckles on the trusty sword,
A noble volunteer.

God bless the volunteer; his arm
Shall save the Nation from all harm;
When mighty foes arise, and loud
The cannon thunders o'er the land,
Then in his martial spirit proud,
Her bulwark for the right shall stand,
The gallant volunteer.

MY MOTHER

IN every land has been the mother's praise,
By orators declaimed, by poets sung;
But she needs not the meed of poets' lays,
Nor eloquence of man, nor pen, nor tongue,
To 'shrine her in the hearts of human kind;
In that fond temple is her influence strong;
No other voice so eloquent we find,
As that which sang for us the cradle song.

And yet, how many waifs on life's rough sea
Drift aimlessly, along the tide of years,
And never know a mother's love, nor plea
Of mother's prayers, nor mother's hopes and
fears;
How many more have mother's love to save
And cheer them on life's rough and thorny
way,
Yet value not their blessing, till the grave
Has robbed them of their treasure in a day.

I N D I A N L E G E N D S A N D
: : : O T H E R P O E M S : : :

I had a mother once, whose faithful heart
Was pure and gentle as the breath of morn;
Full many a lesson true did she impart,
Of virtues which true manhood still adorn;
Directed she my infant feet aright,
My guide she was,—the healer of my woes;
She soothed my childish sorrows, and at night
Her sweet song hushed and lulled me to repose.

'Tis years since last we parted, weary years;
To seek my fortune in the distant West
I left her lonely,—left in grief and tears,
My dearest friend, of all on earth the best;
Years passed,—a fatal letter came; it said,
“The tide ebbd slowly till the dawn of day;
The day brought day eternal. She is dead;
We laid her 'neath the flowers in blooming
May.”

She sleeps beneath the weeping willow tree,
Where oft I played when but a little child;
That spot the Mecca of my thoughts shall be,
Though dwelling far o'er mountains bleak and
wild;
In memory still I see her as of yore,
My own dear mother,—truest friend and
best,—
The little mound far on the Eastern shore,—
Earth holds no friend more dear, no spot more
blest.



STATUE OF CAPTAIN MERIWETHER LEWIS
Portland, Oregon

LIFE'S DUTIES

THE seasons come, the seasons go,
And mingling with the fleeting years,
They bury in their rhythmic flow,
The shadows of our hopes and fears.

The years are gliding on, and each,—
A mile-stone on the track of time,—
But serves to test our faith, and teach
To earnest hearts of things sublime.

Full many a hope, once cherished long,
Has faded in the changing years,
And vanished like a dreamland song,
Or dew-drops when the sun appears.

And many a failure marks the field,
Where, bravely battling in the strife,
Faint, struggling souls succumb and yield,—
Fail in the trying scenes of life.

But not all failure; oft appears,
The heart triumphing over all;
That every call of duty hears,
And bravely answers duty's call.

I N D I A N L E G E N D S A N D
: : : O T H E R P O E M S : : :

Brave souls that rise above the chains
That bind them to their house of clay;
Forgetting self and earthly gains,
They speed the coming, better day.

So should we live and work, that we
May rise above the ills of life;
Meet every duty manfully,
And conquer nobly in the strife.

And when life's close to us shall come,
The victor's crown may we have won;
May we be safely gathered home,
And hear the welcome words, "Well done."

PLAIGNELY INSAIGNE

In the beautiful city Spokane,
There once lived a wonderful mane;
He incessantly bawls,
"I'll go over the fawls,
I will, for I know that I cane."

So he drank a stout glass of champagne,
This man, who was surely insaigne;
In a bit of a yawl,
He went over the fawl,
But he'll never go over agaigne.

NAMING THE BABY

WHAT shall we name the baby?
The precious little pet
Must have a name the prettiest,
And sweetest we can get;
No common name will answer,
Sally nor Mollie nor Sue;
The best is not too good for her,
And only the best will do.

Louise her Mamma would name her,
Her Papa prefers Maurine;
Her brothers and sister each select,
Mona, Leone or Kathleen;
Her uncles and aunts and cousins
Have furnished fully a score;
And friends have suggested others,
An even dozen or more.

Isabelle, Avice and Nina,
Lorene, Loraine and Lucile;
Aileen, Corinne and Juanita,
Thelma, Alida, Camille;
Genevieve, Ruth and Phyllis,
And other names galore,
Too numerous here to mention,
For the little one we adore.

What shall we name the baby?
The question comes o'er and o'er,
Till the mind is weary with thinking,
And naming becomes a bore ;
And to settle the vexing question,
We have compromised today,
And we'll name the little one Mary,—
That's the easiest, quickest way.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM

“**I** HAVE many lovers and beaux,”
Said a charming young lady named Reaux ;
“I have beautiful eyes,
I am witty and weyes,
I'm a masher, as every one kneaux.”

“I'm a dude and a dandy, I know,”
Said a dashing young man they call Jow ;
“I'll make love to Rose,
She'll dismiss all her bose,
And straight to the parson we'll gow.”

They say 'twas a mutual “mash,”
And they took the step that was rash ;
But now how they fight,
They gouge and they bight,
And she pulls out his hair and mustash.

MY LITTLE GIRL IN THE HAMMOCK

UNDER the trees so shady and cool,
A hammock swings in the summer
breeze,
And a dear little maid, just out of school,
Gently reclining, swings at her ease,
And reads the volume upon her knees,
My dear little girl in the hammock.

Bright are her eyes and pretty her face,
As the blushing rose in the morning dew ;
And in it beams the womanly grace
Of maiden modesty ; tender and true
Is the heart of my little girl in blue,
My sweet little girl in the hammock.

I silently stooped to kiss her lips,
So pure and sweet, as I passed along,
And gaily as over the meadow she trips,
She clasped my neck, impulsive and strong,
And, "Good-bye, Papa, don't stay long,"
Said my little girl in the hammock.

And as I go to my work away,
The pretty picture is still in my mind ;
A vision of beauty throughout the day,
Of one who is light-hearted, noble, refined,
My sweet little girl, so gentle and kind,
My own little girl in the hammock.

THE VALUE OF FRIENDSHIP

I CARE not for station, I care not for wealth,
I care not for honors nor fame ;
I pray for the blessings of freedom and health,
And 'friends that are worthy the name ;
Friends that are loyal, friends that are true
Till life's fitful journey shall end ;
There's no other treasure, for treasures are few,
So dear as a true-hearted friend.

I fear not an enemy's vengeful attack,
I fear not the trouble he sends,
With Truth for my armor, and friends at my
back,—
A few loved, congenial friends ;
A true friend's a treasure I value far more,
Than treasures in nuggets or dust ;
Let others choose riches abundant in store,
I'm rich with a friend I can trust.

WHO MAKES IT SNOW?

DEAR little Hazel, with laughing blue eyes,
Looked from her window in joyful surprise,
Over a landscape all covered with snow,—
“Who sends it down?” she said, “I want to know.”

“Who makes it snow, Papa, who makes it snow?
Tell me, dear Papa, for I want to know;
Who sends the pretty flakes down from on high,
Floating, like bright fairies, down from the sky?”

“See the flakes falling so gracefully down,
Hiding the woodland and covering the town
With a pure, colorless mantle of snow;
“Who makes it fall? Papa, I want to know.”

Gleefully catching the flakes as they fell,
Quickly returning her pleasure to tell,
Still she persisted, her voice sinking low;
“Who makes it fall? Papa, I want to know.”

Gladly I told of the Father above,
Watching his children in pity and love;
He will protect you, my darling, I know,
Father in heaven, who sends us the snow.

A MEMORY

THE Southern sky is calm and clear,
The moon is shining bright,
And seated in my arbor here,
I'm all alone tonight.

I watch the people as they pass,
Light-hearted in their glee;
They're happy, but they bring, alas,
No happiness to me.

The crowded city teems with life,
The humble and the proud;
I, all unmindful of their strife,
Am lonely in the crowd.

My heart is far across the plain,
Far from the city's strife,
And here in silence must I drain
The bitter dregs of life.

Though darkly frowns my evil star,
Still must I cheerful be,
For in the silence from afar,
A message comes to me:—

A sweet voice whispers, "Be a man ;
Your duty,—do your best."
I will, sweet voice, do all I can,
And trust to God the rest.

THE SONG OF THE "NEW WOMAN'S" HUSBAND

I DON'T dislike to stew and bake,
And monkey with the cooking ;
The floors to sweep, the beds to make,
And keep things nobby looking ;
I don't dislike to wash and scrub,—
Do all my lady wishes ;
But though I can prepare the grub,
I hate to wash the dishes.

I don't dislike to sew and patch,
And mend the baby's clothing ;
Though just to live alone and batch,
I once looked on with loathing ;
But I do hate to scrub the plates ;
Great gods and little fishes !
Oh, how my soul abominates
The washing of the dishes !

THE MOUSE AND THE HAWK

A HUNGRY hawk soared from the mountain's brow,
O'er a field new turned by the farmer's plow ;

In narrowing circles, stately and slow,
His keen eyes searching the furrows below ;
At last, like a shot, with a rushing sound,
Swift as an arrow, he drops to the ground ;
As upward again he begins to soar,
A poor little mouse in his talons he bore ;
Then off to a neighboring treetop he flies,
To revel and feast on his ill-gotten prize.

How like some people, thought I, is the hawk ;
For often the best and fairest in talk,
Forget all their promises fair when Fate
Puts into their power the small or the great ;
The banker is weaving a net in his den,
Enticing the poor unfortunate in,
And when fully ripe the harvest he sows,
The merciful banker begins to foreclose ;
The doctor looks knowing and draws down his face,
He mutters and shakes his head, "Very bad case" ;

Then drugs the poor patient to render him ill,

I N D I A N L E G E N D S A N D
: : : O T H E R P O E M S : : :

By any means striving to double his bill;
The merchant will fish for a poor rustic prize,
Entices him in, cheats him out of his eyes,—
While grumbling and growling at money he's
 lost,
Makes fifty per cent while "selling at cost."
The sly lawyers stand at the poor farmers' backs,
And urge on the quarrel, impel the attacks;
And ere either client can quite understand,
The sly lawyers own and are farming their land.
In every profession or trade 'tis the same,
This life is a squeezing, a freezing-out game;
The confidence man ever winning the tricks,
The slow-plodding Reuben too late, when he
 kicks;
And when I see people so pleasant in talk,
I think of the mouse and the merciless hawk.

THE LEAF AND THE TWIG

S AID a little leaf, "Hold me, I pray,
The wind is blowing me away;
My strength is gone, I cannot hold,
The wind blows strong, the wind blows cold;
My little life is all too short,
The tempests use me for their sport;
If I should fall far, far below,
Upon the cheerless, barren ground,
And, tossed by all the winds that blow,
Hither and yon, and round and round,
And tumbled, rolled and swept about
By wanton breezes, while they shout
In fiendish glee, as they rush by,—
But no, I do not want to die;
Oh, friendly twig, do hold me fast,
This fearful tempest cannot last."

"Peace, little leaf," the twig replied,
"Why tremble so? Your mates have died;
Your feeble race is nearly run,
Your day of life is nearly done;
I would not hold you if I could,
I could not hold you if I would;

I N D I A N L E G E N D S A N D
: : : O T H E R P O E M S : : :

Life flows but slowly in my veins ;
The earth is drear and dark with mud,
The icy cold, the beating rains,
Have touched my heart and chilled my
blood ;
A million comrades strew the way ;
And are you better still than they ?
Why should you fear, for millions more
Have gone the selfsame way before ;
You'll not be missed, there'll be no grief
Nor tears for you, my little leaf."

We mortals may a lesson draw,—
A fixed regime, a natural law ;
How great soever we may be,
Or think ourselves, we all must die ;
And, like the leaf upon the tree,
When we in Nature's bosom lie,
We are not missed, the world moves on,
Nor notes our absence when we're gone.

THE BOOK THAT IS MARKED

I LOVE to read books, the old or the new,
Of poetry, fiction or art;
They're friends that I love, they're friends
that are true,
Their friendship will never depart;
There are books that are bad,—only good books
are friends,
A friend of mine wisely remarked;
And the choice of the reading still largely de-
pends,—
But I love best a book that is "marked."

The book has been read by a dear friend of mine,
With pencil in hand, and obeyed
The impulse to criticise, scan, interline,
And short, penciled comments are made;
Choice sentences bracketed, checked, under-
scored,—
For better attainments embarked;
I'm a lover of books that with wisdom are
stored,
But I love best the book that is "marked."

THE HAUNTED HOUSE

A NCIENT and massive and still,
A relic of times long past,
It stands on the brow of the hill,
A beautiful thing to the last ;
Scarred by the storms of the years,
The sun, the rain and the snow ;
A subject for thought and for tears,
Made tenantless long ago.

Spectral and lonely and grim,
Like a sentinel of the years,
Beckoning blindly for him,
And the past that never appears ;
Beckoning sadly for him,
The tenant of long ago,
Who left in the twilight dim,
With measured steps and slow.

Was it for love that he fled,
For fair maiden, fickle and gay ?
Or was it ambition that led
His wandering footsteps away ?
But no mortal ever may know
What flame in his bosom burned ;
We know that he left long ago,
He left and never returned.

I N D I A N L E G E N D S A N D
: : : O T H E R P O E M S : : :

And the house still stands on the hill,
Alone and stately and tall,
All shrouded in mystery still,
Trap-doors, secret stairway, and all;
And the children going that way,
Pass by with averted glance,
For lost spirits, the gossips say,
Dwell in the deserted old manse.

Silent and spectral and grim,
Like a sentinel of the years,
Waiting sadly for him,
And the past that never appears;
Beckoning sadly for him,
Whose heart with some secret burned,
Who left in the twilight dim,
Who left and never returned.

"YAMHILL AGAINST THE WORLD"

A SAYING of the early days,
Old settlers oft recall;
A common, homely, earnest phrase,
Four words express it all;
'Twas first employed in boastfulness,
When Oregon was young,
In her far-famed metropolis,
By some brave Yamhill tongue;
Then first was heard the famous cry,
In bold defiance hurled,
A challenge that will never die,
"Yamhill against the world."

Yamhill's the land of pretty girls,
And big, red apples, too;
Where many a sparkling streamlet purls,
In sunshine, rain and dew;
The land of plenty, fertile soil,
Of blooming plains and vales,
Where to reward the farmer's toil,
A harvest never fails;
A land of heroes, true and bold,
With freedom's flag unfurled,
Who dare maintain the challenge old,
"Yamhill against the world."

I N D I A N L E G E N D S A N D
: : : O T H E R P O E M S : : :

'Tis said the great men of the State,
At least a major part,
Must be in Yamhill county born,
Or there must get their start;
The saying, too, has proven true;
Look o'er the scroll outspread,
You'll find that half the famous few
Are Yamhill born or bred;
She's still the Eden of the coast,
Her flag is never furled;
Her sons maintain her ancient boast,
"Yamhill against the world."

"SANTA CLAUS"

MAMMA says that Santa Claus
To all good children brings,
Candy, nuts, and sugar plums,
And many pretty things.

Papa says he has a whip,
Among his tops and toys,
To punish naughty little girls,
And whip bad little boys.

I'd like to see old Santa Claus,
For I have not been bad,
And if he'd come tonight I'd be
A very happy lad.

SECRET SORROWS

SOME learned man has wisely said,
If in the secret heart you look
Of e'en your greatest enemy,
And read it as an open book,—
Read the sad history written there,
Where hope sends not a cheering ray,—
The lines of sadness, grief and care,
Your hate will vanish and decay.

The stoutest heart forgets its ire,
The heart most fraught with bitter hate,
To read the silent records there,
And know the sadness they create;
For deep in every human breast
Are sorrows hid from human eyes;
Life's grandest symphony and best,
By sorrow's discord fades and dies.

Life's secret sorrows none can know;
The secret grief is never gone;
The breaking heart may overflow
In tears, and yet the lips smile on;
Then let us live a nobler life;
Like Mary, choose the better part,
And banish hatred, envy, strife,
While love and kindness fill the heart.

THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS

LIFE has many joys and pleasures,
Many bright and happy hours,
When we're walking in the sunshine,
O'er a pathway strewn with flowers;
When the star of Hope above us,
Shines with undiminished ray,
And kind words from friends that love us,
Cheer us on our lonely way.

But each life must have its trials,
And they come alike to all;
For the day will oft be cloudy,
And the rain will sometimes fall;
Who has never lost a loved one?
Who is ever free from care?
And life's bitter disappointments
Who has never had to bear?

There's a balm for wounded spirits,
Solace for each troubled breast;
There's relief for deepest sorrow,
Succor for the soul distressed;
It is found in ever leaving
Self and selfishness behind,
And in healing others' grieving,
Doing good for human kind.

INDIAN LEGENDS AND
: : : OTHER POEMS : : :

It is found in letting sunlight
 Into sunless, clouded lives,
Where a kind word, kindly spoken,
 Oft the fainting heart revives ;
Where a sympathetic answer
 Lightens oft a heavy load
For the weary, foot-sore pilgrim,
 Toiling on life's rugged road.

Though thy burdens may seem heavy,
 Others' are yet heavier still ;
Therefore leave off thy complaining,
 Help thy brother with a will ;
Then shall grow thy pathway brighter,
 Light thy heart, at peace thy mind ;
For in making others happy,
 We our greatest blessing find.

THE MAN WHO WOULDN'T ADVERTISE

THERE was a man in our town,
Who wouldn't advertise;
He'd paid a heap of money down,
To pay for "printers' lies."

"My trade is good and brisk," he said,
"I'm not a lazy drone;
I have a pretty level head,
I'll go it now alone."

But when he ceased to advertise,
His trade began to fall;
And very soon, to his surprise,
He had no trade at all.

He feared the sheriff soon would come,
To levy on his stock,
And seize upon his house and home,
And sell them at the block.

So when he saw his business stop,
With all his might and main,
He ran into a printing shop,
And advertised again.

MAY

OF all the months that crown the year,
 May is the loveliest one ;
For then the violets are here,
And then the grasses reappear,
 Cheered by a warming sun.

For in the meadows, on the hill,
 The grass is growing green ;
And in each valley, calm and still,
And by each gently rippling rill,
 Beautiful flowers are seen.

For flowers are blooming everywhere,
 On each hillside, on each plain ;
The sweet perfume and fragrance rare,
Are floating on the balmy air,
 Inspiring the birds' refrain.

For birds are flitting everywhere,
 And singing all the day ;
May our lives be as free from care,
And may we find the world as fair,
 As birds in merry May.

INDIAN LEGENDS AND
OTHER POEMS

LEAVING THE HOMESTEAD

S O now you're going to leave me, John,
And your dear old childhood home ;
May prosperity attend you, John,
Wherever you may roam.

You've labored long and steady, John,
You've been a faithful son ;
Through thick and thin you've stayed by me,—
But now you're twenty-one.

I have not gold to give you, John,
You know that I am poor ;
But you have that that's better far,
Than gold or earthly store.

You have two strong and sturdy arms,
You're blessed with perfect health ;
That's better far than station, John,
Better than rank or wealth.

You've prospects fair to cheer you, John,
With flowers your path is spread ;
You have long life before you,
And a bright sky overhead.

I N D I A N L E G E N D S A N D
: : : O T H E R P O E M S : : :

But sunshine fair may leave you, John,
And clouded be your sky ;
And cruel winds and wintry storms,
Your strength and courage try.

For some defeats and failures, John,
Must in each life appear ;
Each must some misfortunes have,
Some day that's dark and drear.

Your friends may then desert you, John,
For then is friendship tried ;
Many will leave you to your fate,
The few stand by your side.

Then put your trust in One above,
Who hears our faintest cries ;
He in his love will bless you, John,
His friendship never dies.

In life's broad field of action, John,
Like a brave, true soldier fight ;
Defend the weak and lowly,
Strike boldly for the right.

Whate'er you do, be upright, John,
And ne'er from duty shirk ;
Remember that an honest man,
Is God's most noble work.

INDIAN LEGENDS AND
: : : OTHER POEMS : : :

Whate'er your lot, be cheerful, John,
Work bravely year by year ;
And blessings will your efforts crown,
If only you persevere.

Where'er you go, remember, John,
Those who for you would die ;
Two on the little farm at home,
Your mother dear, and I.

May God be with and bless you, John,
Ne'er let you go astray,
But with His counsel lead you on
The straight and narrow way.

"SUCCESS"

A SAYING we all have heard,
A volume of thought doth express ;
It is trite and true every word :—
"There is nothing succeeds like suc-
cess."

A SUMMER DAY

'N EATH a shady tree, on a summer day,
Dreaming, I loitered the hours away;
Musing on life, as it is, as it seems,
While a murmuring brook kept time to
my dreams.

Like our pilgrimage here is a summer day,
The morning is childhood, so joyous and gay;
The sun mounts the heavens, young manhood appears,—
Ambition's bright air-castles fade with the years.

At noon, the full blaze of a perfect day
Shines over the world in life-giving ray;
Then man has reached manhood's full stature, we
find,
With powers developed in body and mind.

The afternoon comes, old age follows fast,
The lengthening shadows eastward are cast;
With cane or with crutches his footsteps are
stayed,
And contented old age reclines in the shade.

I N D I A N L E G E N D S A N D
: : : O T H E R P O E M S : : :

The sun settles brightly and sinks in the west,
But his rays tint the twilight a cardinal crest ;
So the life that has lived as perfect a day,
As brightly and silently passes away ;
And the rays of its influence, silent and grand,
A beautiful twilight reflect o'er the land.

TWILIGHT

THE shadows are lengthening over the land,
And gathering slowly o'er woodland
and lea,
As silently, steadily, spectral and grand,
The orb of day sinks in the Western Sea ;
The lingering beams of the dying day,
Are tinting the tops of the mountains with
light ;
The last rays of sunset are fading away,
And silently drawing the curtains of night.

All noises are hushed ; the frogs do not croak ;
The cricket's song has ceased along the way ;
The squirrel sleeps snugly in his giant oak,—
He rests from labor at the close of day ;
The birds have hied them to their forest halls,
Each slumbering lightly in its little nest ;
The silence deepens as the darkness falls,
And weary Nature calmly takes her rest.

THE YEAR OF LIFE

THE little boy, in life's bright morn,
Dreams fondly of the day,
When he will be to manhood grown,
And work, instead of play;
Builds stately castles in the air,
Forms many a boyish plan,—
What he will do, what he will be,
When he becomes a man.

Life then is pleasure, no alloy
To mar the brow of youth;
The way seems fair and sweet with flowers,
Leading in paths of truth;
No clouds arise, no sorrows fall,
The world is light and merry;
"Chill penury" is still unknown,—
'Tis life's bright February.

At sixteen life has broader grown,
And brings an April day;
Though fancy takes less lofty flights,
Ambition still holds sway;
"Excelsior!" the youth exclaims,
And arms him for the strife;
With steady step he upward climbs
The rugged way of life.

INDIAN LEGENDS AND
: : : OTHER POEMS : : :

At twenty-eight to manhood grown,
Life's June has followed May,
And, one by one, has seen his bright
Air castles fade away;
Yet still he pushes to the front,
Says proudly, "I'm a man;
I'll not accomplish all I dreamed,
Yet will do all I can."

At forty-eight, and middle life,
The years are swiftly flying;
He has accomplished what he dreamed,
Or failed while bravely trying;
'Tis life's September,—happy homes,
And harvest time, and plenty,
Should crown the work of earnest men,
Who dreamed vain dreams at twenty.

At seventy the story's told,
And life is nearly ended;
Success has crowned his earnest work,
Or failure has attended;
And looking backward o'er the way,
The fact he must remember,
His head is covered with the snow
Of life's storm-swept December.



STATUE OF CAPTAIN WILLIAM CLARK
Portland, Oregon

PRESS ONWARD

THOUGH angry blasts about you roar,
And breakers dash upon the shore,
Though dark the way, and storm-clouds
lower,
The storm-clouds might be darker still,
The breakers dash with sturdier will,
The blasts roar louder and more shrill,
Press onward.

Though poverty may chain you down,
And cold and hunger darkly frown,
And thorns compose your regal crown,—
Remember, brother, keep your vow;
Though poverty may curse you now,
A brighter crown shall deck your brow,
Press onward.

Though friends prove false and foes assail,
Though evil over good prevail,
And every earnest effort fail,
Go forward, you will win at last;
Then nail your colors to the mast,
A Friend will shield you from the blast,
Press onward.

INDIAN LEGENDS AND
: : : OTHER POEMS : : :

OCTOBER

THE days grow shorter ; o'er the land,
The brush in Nature's fairy hand
Has touched the forests as they stand
All brown and sear ;
The summer time has come and past,
The autumn leaves are falling fast,
And, dressed in gray and gold, at last
October's here.

The nuts are gathered from the wood,
With eager care for winter food ;
The groves, where sylvan giants stood,
So green and fair,
Are clad in autumn's somber gray,
So soon to fall and fade away,
And leave their brawny arms to sway
All brown and bare.

The luscious fruit, toil's richest fees,
We've gathered from the orchard trees,
And, like the far-famed busy bees,
Our winter store
We've garnered from the wood and field,
A plenteous harvest, bounteous yield,
From want and cold our homes to shield,
When north winds roar.

PLAIN DRUNK

A LAWYER sat in his prison cell,
And gazed at the vacant wall ;
Nor thoughts of briefs, or arguments,
Or otherwise, or at all.

Said lawyer sat with a vacant stare,
(A handy thing to keep ;
One now for sale, at second hand,
As good as new, and cheap.)

And vainly trying to recall
Just who he was and where ;
And why he could not even think,
And nothing do but stare.

Said lawyer racked with sundry pains,
To-wit, an aching head ;
And divers lesser pains and aches,
About his body spread.

Some friends had asked him in to drink
Of sundry harmless brews ;
Said lawyer, mentioned heretofore,
Said friends could not refuse.

INDIAN LEGENDS AND
: : : OTHER POEMS : : :

The brews, aforesaid, being mixed,
Confused said "legal light";
Whereas, no enemy was near,
He must his comrades fight.

Complaint was duly made and filed,
With places, dates and times,
Charging assault and battery,
And divers other crimes,

Against the peace and dignity,
And honor of the State,
Contrary to the statutes, made
For those who dissipate.

With blackened eye, with empty purse,
And with a bitter wail,
The sheriff hurried him away,
And landed him in jail.

At last he dimly comprehends,
With bitter smile and grim;
Whereas, he used to do his friends,
His friends have now done him.

Said lawyer had his "day in court,"
His fine was twenty plunk;
"Reduce the charge," His Honor said,
"To plain and simple drunk."

Now, therefore, prays said lawyer,
And this petition sends :
“Good God, give me my enemies,
And save me from my friends.”

MY BABY

EYES as bright as any star,
Wealth of glorious auburn hair ;
Brow as light as fairies are,
Rosy cheeks, so sweet and fair ;
Lips where linger pleasant smiles,
Little heart that beats so true ;
All surrender to her wiles,—
And, oh, what would your mother do
Without her precious baby.

In his goodness to us here,
In the fulness of his love,
Sent our lonely hearts to cheer,
By the Father from above ;
Precious gift,—of all the best
In the Father's power to give ;
And we are most richly blest,—
And, oh, how could your mother live
Without her darling baby.

A REPLY

“DOST thou love me, my beloved?”
Why such question ask of me?
Canst not see my very being
Is absorbed in love for thee?—
Then your eyes are all unseeing;
Those bright eyes of limpid hue—
Windows of a pure soul beaming;
My darling, if I love not true,
Then all love is only seeming.

I do love you, my beloved;
And I'll love you aye and aye;
Face of all to me the fairest,
Heart as pure as light of day,
Form the daintiest and rarest;
When you sit alone without me,
Lost in fancy, lightly dreaming,
Do not, darling, do not doubt me,
Nor believe my love is seeming.

Remember, whate'er may betide,
One true heart for you is beating,
And loves you more than all beside,—
Love will ever be its greeting;

My darling, doubt not love of mine,—
May will follow bleak December ;
As I cherish love of thine,
Believe me true, and e'er remember,
I do love you, my beloved.

THE PATTER OF THE RAIN

NOTHING else can soothe my senses
Into slumber sound and deep ;
Nothing else can calm my spirits
Into deep and dreamless sleep ;
Nothing else can clothe my being
Bright with dreamland's warp and woof,
Like the patter of the rain drops,
Like the rain upon the roof.

Nothing else can ease my troubles,
Or the cares that oft depress ;
Nothing else can soothe my sorrows
To complete forgetfulness ;
Nothing else wields half the magic—
'Gainst the ills of life a proof—
Of the patter of the rain drops,
Of the rain upon the roof.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW

FROM valley and plain and river,
The brave old year has fled;
He has gone from us forever,
With ages past and dead;
The New Year is here to greet us,
And gladly his face we behold;
We welcome with joy the New Year,
And sadly we part from the old.

Still lies the snow on the meadows,
And on each road and street;
And sleigh-bells merrily jingling,
Defy the snow and the sleet;
The New Year happiness brings us,
Though days are dreary and cold;
With joy we welcome the New Year,
With sorrow we part from the old.

What pleasures the old year brought us,
Though to some his bearing was stern;
But those glad days have departed,
No more, alas, to return;
And another happy New Year,
Speeds on the lingering view;
Though sadly we part from the old year,
Gladly we welcome the new.

THE FOOD OF THE GODS

YOU may talk of your blackberries, apples
or pie,
You may praise your time-honored Ken-
tucky "old rye,"

You may talk of plum puddings, so dainty and
rare,

Or sweet apple dumplings, fried chicken or hare;
They're all of them good, and if temptingly
placed,

Will tickle the daintiest epicure's taste;
But strawberry shortcake is better by odds,
For strawberry shortcake's the food of the gods.

Now, peaches and cream is an excellent dish,
As good as a food-loving mortal could wish;
And cherry pie, too, or dish of wild game,
And many more dishes which I need not name;
But the dish of my choice, which most I esteem,
Is strawberry shortcake, just covered with
cream;

For of all earthly dishes, the best by all odds,
Is strawberry shortcake, the food of the gods.

VACATION

VACATION'S here!" I hear the shout
Of boys and girls from school let out;
O'er hill and vale, from far and near,
The echo rings, "Vacation's here!"
As bounding away they go.

With hearts as light and free as air,
Without a thought, or trace of care,
They laugh and shout in merry glee,
And bound along with spirits free,
As homeward away they go.

They have no thought of life's rough road,
Of thorny way or heavy load,
But leaving burdens all behind,
They fling their troubles to the wind,
As bounding away they go.

God grant that they may ever be
As free from care and misery;
May they as happy be and gay,
As free from rough or thorny way,
As on through life they go.

WINTER AND DEATH

THE autumn leaves are falling fast,
The days grow bleak and chill;
The dreary rain, in angry blast,
Beats on the window sill.

And soon the winter winds will blow,
In cold and chilling breath,—
Earth covered with a shroud of snow,
Symbolical of death.

The autumn of my life is here,
And swift will pass away;
As autumn leaves grow brown and sere,
My hair is turning gray.

But though life's winter come to me,
It will no sadness bring;
The winter of my life shall be
An ever-present spring.

GOOD NIGHT

GOOD night, my darling one, good night;
Though parting gives us pain,
Soon will return the morning light,
And we shall meet again.

Say not good-by,—a parting word
So full of pain and grief,
That sweetest words nor music heard,
Can give the heart relief.

Say not good-by,—too soon the day
Speeds to the bier, the knell,—
Life's thread is snapped, and we must say
Good-by, or long farewell.

Good night, sweetheart ; God keep you, dear,
Till comes the morning light ;
Till comes the time we need not hear
Good-by, nor yet good night.



352

CAL VI, 6

